

THE  
AMOROUS  
WARRE.

A  
Tragi-Comedy.

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Ovid Lib: 1. Amor:

*Militat omnis Amans, Et habet sua Castra Cupido.*

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Printed in the Year 1648.

The PERSONS.

Archidamus.		<i>King of Bithynia.</i>
Barsene.		<i>His sister.</i>
Lyncestes	}	<i>Two old Lords.</i>
Polydamas		
Theagines	}	<i>Two young Lords, their sons.</i>
Meleager.		
Orythia.		<i>Wife to Theagenes.</i>
Thalæstris.		<i>Wife to Meleager.</i>
Menalippe	}	<i>Their women.</i>
Marcella		
Callias.	}	<i>Three young Courtiers.</i>
Neander.		
Artops.		
Eurymedon.		<i>King of Thrace.</i>
Roxane.		<i>His sister.</i>
Clytus.	}	<i>Two of his Lords.</i>
Hippocles.		
Macrinus.	}	<i>Three common soldiers.</i>
Lacero.		
Serpix.		
Pistoclerus.		<i>A Newes spreader.</i>
Two men	}	<i>Cittizens.</i>
Two women		
Two Priests.		
A Drummer.		

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The Scene,  
BITHYNIA.

THE  
AMOROVS WARRE.  
A  
Tragi-Comoedy.

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ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*After a Warlike sound of Drummes and Trumpets within ; Enter*

*Callias, Neander, Artops:*

**Call.** Here's a sweet change of *Times* ; I, who had wont  
To have my boy sing me asleep between  
My Mistresse Armes, and charme mee every Night  
Ino a soft *Elysium* with his voyce.  
Have beene this weeke kept waking with this *Musick* :  
If this hold foure dayes more, I shall be fit,  
Like *Blackbirds*, to be whistled to, and taught,  
Out of meere *sameness*, to learne *Tunes*. *Neand:* I doe  
Observe a certaine kind of *Copulation*  
Twixt *sound* and *sound*. This noyse hath *sexes* in it.  
The *Drummers*, and the *Trumpetters*, and *Fifes*,  
Make the *Male* noyse o'th Streets ; The *Womens* cries,  
Loud shrieks, & howlings, make the *Female*. Between them  
A strange, ambiguous, confus'd roare's begor,  
Much like the fall of *Nilus*, where the waters  
Make All that dwell neare deafe. *Art.* My lodging stands  
I'th' *Middle Region*, Gentlemen ; I lye  
Every Night in a *Storme*, and every Morning  
Do rise in perfect *Thunder* ; Then my sleeps  
Are but my dayes feares ; which do walke ; and then

A a

Present

Present themselves in *Visions*. Two Armies usually  
 Joyne Battle in my *Dreames*; where I behold  
 Thine, His, My Braines knockt out. And when I wake,  
 Wonder to find my selfe with all my Limbs;  
 Feele for my other Legge; suspect my eyes  
 When they in forme me I have both my Armes.

*Neand*: I've slept but twice e're since the newes came that  
*Eurymedon* was landed; And then I had  
 The strangest *Dreames* too. My Man found mee scaling  
 My Curtaines for a Fort; Killing my Pillow;  
 And entering Duel with my Breeches. Last night  
 Me thought wee Three (pray Heaven avert the Omen)  
 Were shut up here it<sup>h</sup> City, and besieg'd (thought  
 By th' Hangings of my Chamber. *Call*: How? *Neand*: Me  
 The *Trojan* faces were all turn'd to *Thracians*.  
 And in this Siege, I dream't, that You, and Hee,  
 Fore'd by the Famine, were resolv'd to be  
 My *Cannibals* and eat mee. *Art*: I doe feele

One of my Surloynes going. *Call*: Well, what followed?

*Neand*: At last you cast Dice on my Body, which  
 Part should be eaten first; And after all  
 Concluded on my Head, and Purtenance. (men,

*Call*: These are the fruites of Theevery; Thus 'tis Gentle-  
 When Kings can't Love the common way, but must  
 Needs couple withour Friends consent, and draw  
 A Hue and Crye of fourty thousand after 'em.

*Neand*: True, *Callias*; I doe maintaine, that Armies  
 Plundering of Townes, and ravishing of Virgins,  
 As naturally follow a good Face  
 Stolne, as this was, as Aches doe your Wenching.  
 Or as your Taylor, *Artops*, followes you  
 With an old Billunclear'd. *Art*: There surely is  
 An unknowne pleasure in all Matrimony  
 Which carries danger with it. Else, why should Men  
 So it<sup>h</sup> to steale their Wives? Our Neighbour *Troy*  
 Is, Gentlemen, a sad example. If  
 This prove a *Smocke-Warre* of some ten-yeares long;  
 Or if *Roxane* be the *Comet*, and



*The Amorous Warre.*

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The burning of *Bibynia* the bright blaze  
Which shee drawes after her, wee cannot helpe it.  
How stand you two affected to the Warre?

*Call:* Troth, I should like the Campe well, if the Fields  
Did bring forth Featherbeds; Or if the Streames,  
Like those oth' *Golden age*, did run pure Wine.  
Or if Court Meales would every twelve, and seven,  
Observe due howres. But; Gentlemen, to lye  
Halfe starv'd, with cold, ith' Aire on scarce fresh Greensword;  
Just to match earth to earth; And then to live  
The Life of Nature; or, as some doe call it,  
The life oth' Hardy; Quench my thirst at the  
Next Spring, or Fountaine; Coffin up my selfe  
Back night in Turfe; and thence come forth like one  
Of *Cadmus* Souldiers, sowne of *Serpents Teeth*,  
And start forth armed from a furrow, is  
A course, I feare, I shall leave to the valiant. (troope on,  
*Neand:* And then the dangers. *Art:* True. *Neand:* Here comes a  
And you in honour can't but loose an eye.

A Engine there goes off, and you will show  
Your selfe a Coward unlesse you loose an Arme.  
Here y'are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring  
More then one shoulder off. Gentlemen, Consider  
What a Discredit 'tis to have a Nose  
After a Battle; Or to walke the Streets  
On your owne legs. *Art:* I feele my selfe, already,  
Partly compol'd of Flesh, partly of Wood.  
Mechinkes I twing betweene two Crutches, like  
One hang'd in Chaines, and tost by th' Winde; I looke  
Within this weeke, to bee but halfe the Thing  
You see me Now; The rest lopt off; And I  
Slid'd into Reputation. *Call:* I doe perceive  
Your disc eet Disaffection to the Warre.

*Neand:* 'Tis but a wise care of our safety; Nature  
Bids us preserve our selves. *Art:* But how, *Neander*,  
How, without losse of fame, can we avoid  
To accompany the King? *Neand:* Why, breisly thus.  
The King intends to send the *Princesses*

Over to the *Island* as the safer place.  
 And will assigne a thousand for their Guard.  
 Let's get our selves enroll'd in' Number; so,  
 Besides security, wee shall enjoy  
 The Company o'th Ladies. *Art:* Right; And in  
 The absence of their Lords. *Call:* Peace, here they come.

## SCÆNA II.

*To them Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thala-  
 stris, Polydamas, Lyncestes, Theagines, Meleager.*

*Arch:* You see your Nuptials, *Bright Roxane*, and  
 What choyce y'have made. I thought to have brought you to  
 A *Court* and *Palace*, where your entertainment  
 Would have beene only Songs of Virgins; Polts  
 Crown'd and adorn'd with Gyrlands; Sacrifices  
 Striving to make our Streets but one perfume;  
 And taking from our sight our Temples, with  
 The numerous Clouds of Incense which they scatter,  
 And send forth from their breathing Altars; And  
 No other sounds heard but my peoples shouts,  
 And acclamations for your wisht arrivall.  
 But you perceive y'are landed in a *Campe*;  
 And your first step upon the shore proves to you  
 A most unnaturall Seige. If for a *Brother*  
 Thus to pursue a *Sister* be unnaturall.

*Roxane:* Had you had his Consent, Sir, and no storme  
 Follow'd your transportation of me from  
 His Court to yours, but had you, undisturbed,  
 Untroubled, in the progresse of your Love,  
 Proceeded to the *Temple*, There joyn'd hands,  
 And matcht the common way of Princes where  
 All that's requir'd to make the wedding Day  
 Solemne, are Tapers, Banquets, Revels, Musicke,  
 'T had beene a Dreame, no Marriage; our lost loves  
 Would have lost both their edge and appetite.  
 That which you call unnaturall in my Brother,

I looke on as a favour; Thanke him for  
 The Argument he lends mee to expresse  
 How much more Deare your Dangers make you to mee,  
 Beleeeve mee, Great *Archydamus*, the fire  
 You kindled in my heart, when in those still,  
 Quiet, silent nights you first did wooe mee, was  
 But a weake Sparke, compar'd to the large Flame  
 Which this Warre kindles in mee. I behold  
 Now a new amiableness in You; And  
 Looke on you through this Tempest, which is rays'd  
 For my sake, as one made more Lovely to mee,  
 And with the same content doe take delight  
 To mingle Sufferings, as Nuptials with you.  
 Nor should I thinke my selfe your Queene, unlesse  
 With the same equall Minde, I could goe halfe  
 In perils, as in Kingdomes with you. *Arch*: Still  
 You doe speake like your selfe, *Roxane*, Still  
 Breath words, which sweeten Dangers, and provoke mee  
 To court them in their worst and dreadfull't shape;  
 As things, without which, I should want fit Matter  
 To merit by, or some way make my selfe  
 Worthy of her for whom I undertake them.  
 Nor will I doubt of victory, where I  
 Have such a brave *Inspirer*. Had I beene  
 Borne cold, or sent into the World a Coward,  
 Such a faire second, such a beauteous Cause,  
 Would strike a valiant Heat into me; And  
 Were my Sea cover'd with as many Shippes,  
 As anchor'd before *Troy*; or should an Army,  
 As vast, and numerous as his, who dranke  
 Up *Rivers* in his passage, and join'd *Europe*  
 To *Asia* with his fleet invade mee, I  
 Assisted with your Vertues, should not doubt } *Enter Eurim.*  
 But to return with Conquest, Who are these? } *Clit. Hipp.*  
*Lyncest* Th' Embassadors sent from the Prince of *Thrace*,  
 To demand restitution of their *Princesse*.  
*Ar*: Admit 'em to our presence. *Pol*: The King expects you.

SCENA

## SCÆNA III.

To them *Eurymedon*, disguis'd like an *Embassadour*, *Clytus*, *Hypocles*.

*Archid*: We are now prepar'd to heare your Embassy;  
Your Prince's pleasure? *Clyt*: By us, *Archidamus*,  
With all the freedome which an injur'd Prince  
Can use towards Him that wrong'd Him, He lets you know,  
That 'tis no thirst, or covetous Ambition,  
T'enlarge his Territories, or to seeke conquest there,  
Where 'tis as easie for him to o'come  
Almost as say so, which hath provok't him  
Thus to invade your Kingdome; But a just sense,  
And apprehension of the blot, and staine,  
Which Annals and posterity (Besides  
The scorne oth' present Age) must sticke upon  
His sluggish memory, if He coldly should  
Sleepe o're his Infamy; or let you breake  
The Lawes of Hospitality; and abute  
His Court, in carrying away a prize  
More deare to him then his Kingdome, unsevenged.  
For though you may pretend Love for your boldnesse,  
Or say the *Princesse* was an *Altor* in  
Her Amorous stealth, (which yet Hee much suspects,  
And she must blush t'acknowledge) He saies, Herein  
You doe but guild your Crime; For what you call  
*Affection* Hee calls *Rape*; And saies, Hee hopes,  
You'l pardon Him, if Hee doe looke upon You,  
Not as a *Guest*, but *Robber*; One that came not  
To fetch a *Queene*, but to transport a prey. (Hee

*Archid*: Is this all? *Eurym*: He addes farther, that though  
Confesse Himselfe inferior to the loud  
Fame of your *Sisters* Beauty; To which nought  
Can be a Match but her owne vertues; yet,  
When Hee lookes on the Story of his Ancestours,  
From which Hee thinks Hee hath not yet degenerated;

When

When hee considers (without boasting) that  
He's borne to a Kingdome, to which yours hath beene  
(Be't spoke without contempt) a *Tributary*;  
But chiefly, when he searcheth his owne mind,  
And findes nought Hostile there; but a pure fire,  
Kindled from the report of the admir'd,  
Inflaming, rayes, diffus'd from her bright eyes,  
He thinks you trespasse against love, Sir, to  
Obey an angry, conquer'd, old mans Will,  
Made in the passion of his Overthrow,  
Although your Father, and to refuse a suite  
More noble, and open, then your owne; And whilst  
Y're pious, shew your selfe revengefull too.

*Hippoc:* Briefly Sir, therefore whither it were force,  
Or Combination, (For which to call it  
He saies he knowes not) unlesse you will restore  
*His Sister*, or repaire him with your *owne*,  
He saies, he is resolv'd, either to fall  
A willing sacrifice to his wrong'd Honour,  
Or build his unglad satisfaction on  
The Ruines of your Country. And to this  
He doth require your Answer. *Archid:* Were *Roxane*  
A *Hellen*, (as she's not in ought I know  
But her great Beauty) Or were I a *Paris*;  
(Who finde my selfe none but ith' numerous fleet  
Brought after me) Had I beene entertain'd  
A Prince, by a Prince, Sir, at your Matters Court,  
And, in his absence, had first loosely tempted  
To my unlawfull bed, then stolne his Wife;  
I do confesse 'twere just for him to cite  
The breach of Hospitality, and t'invoke  
The Gods of Weddings, and Marriages against me.  
And I, till I restor'd th' unlawfull prey,  
Should looke upon my selfe, not as a *Guest*,  
But *Ravisher*. But if I came a *Suitor*,  
And brought a flame as pure, as holy, as  
That which burnes on his *Altars*; If the *Princesse*,  
Her owne free Empresse did vouchsafe to meet

B

Mine

Mine with the like pure, amorous, equall fire;  
 If I have since preserv'd her honour; kept  
 Her white, and spotlesse as a *Vestal*; still  
 Approach't her presence with the same religion  
 As I would places consecrate, or Temples,  
 Whil'st thus Hee doe's pursue my harmelesse Love,  
 With Words farre more injurious then his Armies,  
 With the like freedome You may tell Him, I'me  
 The injur'd Prince. And though I grant his Father  
 Once conquer'd mine, and wee paid Tribute, (which  
 Hee does not nobly to upbrayd) It may be  
 My turne to conquer next. Nor is the Bay  
 Planted so firmly on his head, but that  
 A good cause may remove it, and mak't mine.  
 As for our close departure from his Court,  
 Which he brands with the stile of *Rape* and *Theft*,  
 You must assist me, Madam; was I your pyrate,  
 Or Servant? Did I lead you away Captive,  
 Or conspire with you? *Rox:* Sir, 'twere one wrong more  
 Offer'd to your Vertues, And I should transgresse  
 Against my cleare Affections, not to say,  
 The Plot was halfe mine, you did reveal your thoughts,  
 With so much generous heate, so worthy of mee,  
 That I had noe way left t'expresse my selfe  
 As generous too, but to mix flame with flame,  
 And to requite you with this poore returne,  
 To make your Country mine; And there to thinke  
 My selfe a Princess onely, where I might  
 Call you my Prince. *Arch:* Then, for my Sister,  
 I am no Tyrant like your Master, Sir,  
 To claime a sway o're her Affections; Nor  
 Doe count her Will ith' number of my Subjects.  
 She has free Liberty to make her choice;  
 And can best answer you. Onely shee will,  
 I hope remember, if there be a reverence  
 Due to the words of dying Parents; Or if  
 The last, short, breath were sacred, which bequeath'd her  
 To th' Prince of *Thessaly*, she can't consent

Unto

*The Amorous Warre*

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Unto your Masters Suite, and not disturbe  
Her Fathers *Shade*, to call him from his *Urns*,  
To be a greiv'd Spectatour of her Nuptials.

*Barsen*. Besides Sir, as a stranger to a stranger,  
Pray beare a *Princesse* message to your *Prince*.

Tell Him He comes not nobly, thus t'invade  
Her whom he loves; or strive to make Her His  
By a forc't Conquest. He's the first I've read of  
Who Woo'd a Lady with an Army by;

Or put a ponyard to his Mistresse breast,

And then desir'd t'appare gratious.

Wee looke for softer Courtships; Humble prayers;

Sighes which confesse the Breathe is our Captive.

I have no Beauty to entice him to

Lay downe his forces. But if he come unarm'd,

In Perton, (For I doe not like *State Love*,

Or to be woo'd by an *Embassadour*,)

If He bring with Him noble purposes,

Such as my *Brothers* were, tell him, perhaps,

I shall as nobly heare him. Meane time, his *Sister*,

And I expect some penance from him, for

Thus Troubling of our Peace. *Eur*: Doe you enjoyne

The Chaine, or Fetters, 'twil be his glory Madam,

To weare them as your prisoner,

*Exeunt* { *Enrym*.  
          *Clit. Hyp*.

SCENA IV.

*Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Polydamas,*  
*Lycestes, Theagines, Moleager,*  
*Orisbya, Thalestris.*

*Archid*: ——— Have you prepar'd  
The Ships, *Lycestes*, to convey the *Ladies*  
Over to th' *Island*? *Lync*: They are ready Sir,  
And only doe expect their beauteous freight.  
The *Ladies* Sir, will looke like *Goddesses*

B 2

Borne



Borne of the Sea. *Archid:* And have you made, *Polydamus*,  
The *Castle* fit to entertaine them? *Polyd:* Sir,  
The *Ladies* lock't up in a *Brazen Tower*  
Were not more safe? 'Tis now a place where pleasure  
Dwels joyn'd with Strength. It onely wants their presence,  
To be a *Fort* without, within a *Pallace*.

*Arch:* You are turn'd young againe, My Lords; you speake  
So amorously I do begin to doubt

Whether you may be trusted with a charge  
So dangerously inflaming. *Polyd:* Sir, our sonnes  
Can promise for us, we intend no sieges  
Against their Beauties, in your absence; All  
Our Batteries to good faces were long since  
Spent on their mothers. *Arch:* Wee dare venture you.  
Your sonnes, *Theagines* and *Melcager*,  
Shall goe with us to th' Feild. *Rox:* And will you then,  
Deprive mee of the Glory Sir, of being  
A sharer in your dangers? I endur'd

The Sea with you; Why should you thinke I am  
More timorous to endure the Land? *Arch:* Because  
The Land's now more tempestuous then the Sea.  
For that smiled on your passage; And the Waves,  
As if they had teemed with a second *Venus*,  
Or understood the sweetnesse of their burden,  
Grew calme, serene, and *Halcyon*. But here  
You will expose your selfe to Night Alarmes,  
Day Battles; and runne hazards where the blinde  
Sword can't distinguish 'twixt the faire and foule;  
See men act Wolves parts, and behold a spectacle,  
Not fit for your soft Sex, Men false, and dying,  
Striving to kill their killers and depart  
With mutuall slaughter. *Rox:* What difference is there  
Betwixt the eye, and fancy, but onely this  
That dangers to the Absent still shew greater?  
When I make these descriptions to my selfe,  
And thinke you in the midst, though no Spectatour,  
I shall as truly suffer. My owne Thoughts  
Of you will passe for Battles; And my feares,

Where

Where e're you place mee, will be fights and sieges.  
 You could not deale more cruelly, should you  
 Restore me to my Brother, then thus divorce  
 Me from your Company. Besides, It is  
 My Cause you fight for; I've an interest  
 Going in the Warre; And will you, Sir, deny mee  
 The poore content of binding up your Wounds  
 Received for mee? *Barb:* Madam, you'll give me leave,  
 Here to strive with you; I've a Cause going too.  
 Let me Sir, joyne in the request, that you  
 Will take us with you. If there be noe other  
 Use of us, We'll help to put on your Armes,  
 And take them off. *Meleag:* If our two Wives do joyne  
 In the Petition, with their *Chambermaids*,  
 They'll make a *Female Regiment*. *Theag:* I looke  
 My *Wife* within these three dayes shall be *Knightsed*.  
*Meleag:* And I that mine be made a *Colonel*.  
*Arch:* Alas you know not what you aske; pray tell me,  
 How would a *Speare* shew in your hand *Roxane*?  
 Or *Sister*, How d'you thinke it would become you  
 To weild a *Pike*? or weare a *sword*? Or how  
 Could I looke on my selfe but as a guilty  
 Betrayer of you, if the chance of Warre  
 Should snatch you from mee? Or you two be made  
 Part of the Conquerours *Triumph*? Come, I have  
 Provided gentler entertainments for you.  
 Your wishes will supply your pretence; and  
 Put Wings unto my Victory. *Rox:* 'Tis past:  
 Of my love Sir, to be obedient.

*Exeunt.*

SCÆNA V.

*Theagines, Melcager, Orithya, Thalestris.*

*Theag:* What? You expect we should be solemne now,  
 And take a ceremonious farewell of you?  
*Oryth.* We should not else thinke we have *civil husbands*;

B 3

To.

To leave us bluntly ; or as *Souldiers* court  
 Their *Mistresses* ; who scarce doe aske consent (selves  
 But fall to th' businesse. *Mel*: Well, looke you shew your  
 Our true *Wives* in our absence. If you should,  
 To ease retirement, and divert the *Melancholy*  
 Of *Solitude*, weave us a fine *Court Lawrell*  
 To Crowne our *Victories* at our returne—  
 You understand *Thalestris*? *Thal*: Sir, we hope  
 You are not jealous ; you will place no Spies,  
 To register who visits vs. *Theag*: No Lady ;  
 But Stories speake of certaine strange things done,  
 By *Ladies* in th' absence of their *Lords*.

*Thal*: They speake Sir, of as strange things done by *Lords*  
 In th' absence of their *Ladies*. *Mel*: If wee should  
 Slip from the Campe sometimes, and steale a night,  
 I hope you would not shut your Castle gates  
 Against us, would you? *Orib*: 'Tis as wee heare report  
 Whither y'are valiant. I disdaine a Coward  
 Thought be my *Husband*. *Thal*: And I. *Theag*: And in these  
 Stour, generous thoughts we leave you. *Orib*: Look I doe  
 Winne reputation by you. *Mel*: Farewell *Thalestris*,  
*Thal*: Remember, Sir, You doe things worthy of mee.

Exeunt { *Theag*:  
                   *Melang*:

## SCENA VI.

To them *Callias*, *Neander*, *Artops*.

*Call*: Ladies, we have a small suite to you, which  
 Concernes your selves. *Orib*: 'Twill the more easily  
 Be granted, Sir, what is't? *Neand*: 'Tis, that you'll speake  
 To th' King, we may stay, and be listd Guards  
 Unto your persons, in these times of Danger.

*Art*: 'Tis no plot Ladies, to decline the War;  
 But to doe service to you here at home;  
 And to defend you 'gainst Assaults. *Thal*: That, Sir,  
 The Fort will doe, and the strong Walls oth' Castle.

*Call*:

*Call.* Troth, Madam, we begge this in pittie to you.  
How will you spend your Dayes, *Ladies* with *Ladies*,  
And but tworeverend old *Males* among you?

*Neand:* Either you must betake your selves to your *needles*,  
And worke the Seige of *Troy* o're; or the Tragædy  
Of *Hero* and *Leander*, in sad Stitches;  
Or else betake your selves to your spindle, like  
*Penelope*, and sing the adventures of  
Your absent Husbands to a distaffe, and  
Beguile the Houres in flax. *Call.* Or else you must  
Hire some old, frosty, cold *Philosopher*,  
To read on flowerst'you, every time you walke  
Into the Garden, and convert their Colours  
Into Your Lectures. Show You why the *Primrose*  
Is pale, and why the *Marygold* is red.

(consider.

*Art:* Then for your Nights—*Call.* True, *Ladies*, Doe but  
How you will spend your Nights? *Art:* Watch how your  
Forsaken, Taper waites it selfe, and pines (done,  
Away, out oth' meere sense it hath to burne  
So fruitlessly, till it consume it selfe

(keep you:

Into its owne Darknesse? *Neand:* Or shall your *Women*  
Awake with amorous Tales? Troth, *Ladies*, Story  
Is a dead Thing, if not reduc'd to practise.  
Say, to delude the tediousnesse oth' Night,  
You should share ith' same bed.. Two oth' same Sex,  
Make but one in th' affaires of Love, *Thal.* We see  
Y'have studied our case for us. Truth is, Gentlemen,  
The lists are full already. *Orish.* Besides, 'twould breed  
Suspitions in our Husbands. So we leave you.

*Exeunt.*

*Call.* We are defeated, Gentlemen; *Neand:* what remedy?

*Art:* By that time they've layne fallow but three Nights  
They will fend after, and petition us. (on;

*Call:* Come let's prepare to goe with th' King. *Neand.* Lead  
Necessity breed's resolution.

ACT V S

## ACTVS. II. SCÆNA I.

Enter severally two old *Citizens* frighted.

1 *Cit.* Oh Neighbour— 2 *Cit.* What's the newes. Sir?

1 *Cit.* Heavy newes, Oh Sir—

2 *Cit.* Out with it. 1 *Cit.* Neighbour, I doe looke  
Within this houre not to be worth a Spit,  
Brasse pot, or a Childs whistle; nor to be able,  
To call this aged Sattin doublet mine,  
In which I've borne five *pratorships*. The enemy  
Hath taken the *Island*, burnt the Castle, and (who scap'te,  
The Ladies in't. 2 *Cit.* How? 1 *Cit.* One of their Guard  
Heard six of 'em cry out for water. And  
They are sailing towards the City. 2 *Cit.* I'll home presently,  
And hide my money. It came from the Earth,  
And shall awhile thither returne againe. (They say,

1 *Cit.* That will not serve the turne. 2 *Cit.* Noe? 1 *Cit.* Noe;  
There is one ship laden with nought but Engines,  
To torture those who doe refuse to tell  
Where they have hid their Wealth. I feele my fingers  
Already squeez'd 'twixt pincers; Irons hissing  
At the soles of my feet; My body caught  
Up into th'Aire by the *Serapado*. Trickes  
Showne on my Limbs; My bones tost out of joint,  
And finely tost, and rackt in joint againe.

2 *Cit.* To prevent this, and to defeat their tortures,  
I'll choose my owne death, and eene hang my selfe,

## SCÆNA II.

To them enter two *Women Citizens*,

1 *Wom.* What pitty 'tis that such fine Ladies should  
Have such untimely ends. 1 *Cit.* D'you heare? The newes  
Is certaine: They are burnt. 2 *Cit.* I doe perceive it. (nies,  
Pray Heark. 2 *Wom.* They say Great people have their Delli-

As

As well as Meaneer. And they that are borne  
Under a Watry Planet, to bedrown'd,  
Shall ne're dye in their beds. 2 *Cit*: Are then, the Ladies  
Drown'd, Gentlewoman? 1 *Wom*: Not cast away by wrack, fir.  
It seemes the Enemy way layd the Shippes  
That carryed 'em, and sunke 'em. 1 *Cit*: But is this certaine?

1 *Wom*: Most certaine Sir, my Husbands Journeyman  
Came just now from the Port, and saw ten of  
Their bodies swim downe with the Tide. 2 *Cit*: And what  
D'you heare oth' Enemies comming? 1 *Wom*: They have sent  
A most strange Message to the City, Sir. (*Burgesses*)

1 *Cit*: What is't, I pray? 1 *Wom*: Why, Sir, that all rich  
Must put themselves in Tribes; And in their Chaines,  
And scarlet Gownes, some three houres hence, must, in  
A solemne, grave, procession, two, and two,  
Your Officers before you, with their Maces,  
T'enrich the entertainment; meet them at  
Their Landing; where together with your Chaines,  
Y'are to resigne the Keyes to all your Chests,

2 *Wom*: And, then, for us; They do demand that all  
Who are not rich, but yet have handsome Wives,  
Shall yeild them up. How do you thinke, Sir, will  
The Souldiers deale with us, like Women? 1 *Wom*: I do  
So feare their boisterousnesse. Will they, thinke you,  
Strip us and leave us naked? Or be content  
To ravish us, and let us goe? 2 *Wom*: Look, here  
Doe's come my servant *Pistoclerus*; he  
Can tell us more. What newes deare servant? *Pist*: Fly, fly,  
The Prince is overthrowne; The Ladies are  
All taken Prisoners; The Enemy is enter'd  
Halfe way into the City; Your two Houses  
By this are ranack't; I saw divers loads  
Of Jewels, Plate, and Hangings, carryed out.

1 *Cit*: But good, but good Sir, is this true? *Pist*: Is my  
Name *Pistoclerus*? 1 *Cit*: Yes, Sir. *Pist*: Then 'tis true.  
Make haste and save your Daughters, or they'l else  
Be put to ranfomes for their Maidenheads.

1 *Cit*: We thanke you Sir. Come Neighbour. 2 *Cit*: Oh that

I did live to be rich, or see these Dayes.

*Exeunt a Cist*

*Pist:* Your husbands too are seiz'd on, And are threatned  
To be put to the Racke, unless they will (them  
Produce their Wives. *1 Wom:* Wee'l make haste to releve  
*a Wom:* I take my leave; And shall be glad to see you  
Sometimes ith' Suburbs Sir, *Pist:* I'll follow you.

*Exeunt Women.*

*Pist:* This is call'd *Comedy*, raised from *Tragady*.  
Never was City in such tumult, as  
I have put this into. The women want  
Nothing but speares, circled with Ivy, to hold  
A perfect feast to *Bacchus*. And to beate  
Their Pans, and Kettles, up and downe the streets,  
Instead of Drums, and Cymbals. The men have all  
Armed themselves with what came next to hand.  
I saw a Troope of Butchers marching downe  
Their Shambls with their Cleavers. After them  
Follow'd a Regiment of Taylors with  
Their Yeards, and Bodkins. In the reare, a Company  
Of Shoemakers with Awles. Each Trade takes Armes  
Within its owne profession. Now will I follow  
My Suburbe Mistresse; whose husband is content  
To make one oth' fiftene of us; And doth  
Connive by turnes. The smallest fellow, and  
So little owner of his owne Wife, that  
He verily beleeves hee Cuckolds us  
When he lyes with her. Amongst us there is One  
Maim'd Souldier, with one legge, who still payes double;  
And goes to bed to her with a sistroute? 'Tis  
The common'st, and the prating'st Varlet, she  
Calls me her *Charilus*, I her my *Lycoris*.  
She makes me tell her newes whole dayes together;  
Which I, her sponge, do sucke up in my travels  
From Company to Company, and doe  
Enlarge with my Additions, and Notes politicke;  
And then as severally disperse; And so  
Draw Custome to her House; which she cal's pay.

SCENA



SCÆNA III.

*Lyncestes, Polydamas*

*Lync:* This must needs be conspiracy; There is  
A Riddle in't my Lord, which you and I  
Cannot unfold. It must be Time, the Mother  
Of Truth, which must expound this Mystery,  
How should they draw their Fleet up else? By what  
Instinct, or marke, should they know so exactly  
The Shippe the Ladies were in, As if they  
Had hung their Petticoats for sailes up, or  
Had turn'd their Gownes to streamers? Single it out  
From all the rest, and take 'em? As if one  
Oth' Princesses had beene a signe oth' Vessell,  
And stood forth the *Roxane*, or *Barsena*,  
Instead oth' *Centaur*, *Andromeda*, or *Cassio*?

*Polyd:* They did not bring a *Thracian* Prophet with them,  
Or call *Tyresias* from the *Elysian* Groves,  
To be their Oracle, to tell them justly  
The Criticall Point, and Minute of our passage.

'Tis now just stealth for stealth; our King transported  
One paire of blacke eyes, And they've seized a Carricke,  
And Ship full of them. *Lync:* I will straight put to Sea,  
In their pursuite. If they be not transform'd  
Into *Sea-Nymphs*; Or hide their watry Deities  
'Mongst *Eeles*, and *Dolphins*, I will rescue them.

*Polyd:* 'Twill concerne me to stay here, and compose  
Those Frights oth' City; which this newes hath put  
Into a posture of Confusion.

At your returne we will to th' King; And let  
Him know the Accident. Meane time, In hope  
You'll bring them home true Ladies, as they went.  
That's humane Ladies, purely made of Flesh;  
Or else true *Mermaides*, that is, Ladies made  
Halfe Fish, halfe Flesh, We'll stop all Messengers.  
The newes will but disturbe his Victories.

C 2

*Exeunt*  
SCÆNA

## SCENA IV.

Enter *Clytus* and *Hyppocles* with *Orisbya*, *Thalastriu*,  
*Menalippe* and *Maribesia* like Amazon Captives,  
 shackled with Golden Fetters, and pinnion'd  
 with silken cords, two & two as in a Wood.

*Clyt*: Could you imagine you could carry your  
 Designe in Clouds, and change your shapes, like Spirits,  
 And take what formes you please, and we not know it?

*Hypp*: Alas we had our plot going too; Our spies  
 Gave us intelligence, where, when to seize you.  
 'Tis not unknowne to us, you called a Councell  
 Of Warre; In which, without your husbands knowledge,  
 You did resolve to put your selves in Armes,  
 And fight against us. We can tell you that  
*Roxana* was to be your Generall;  
*Barsene* Captaine of the Engines; You,  
 Lady *Ulysses*, were to command the Horse,  
 This Lady *Hector* the foot; And these two, here,  
 Were to be Scouts by Night, by Day your Squires,  
 To beare your Targets after you. *Orisb*: Y<sup>e</sup> have had  
 A noble Conquest of it, to surprize  
 A Company of poore weake Women. Is this  
 The valour of your Nation, to proceed  
 By plot and stratagem 'gainst such as us?

*Clyt*: These are Warre Arts. *Thal*: Or is this noble usage,  
 To Fetter us, and cast us into Chaines?

You could but Manicle your slaves thus. *Clyt*: We  
 Do but observe the Law of Armes towards those  
 Whom we do take in Armes. *Orisb*: Does then the Law  
 Bid you keepe no distinction betweene Sexes?

*Hypp*: Yes, where the Persons whom we conquer do.  
 But you have lost your priviledge; And put off  
 Your Sex for ours. *Clyt*: We looke not on you now,  
 As vanquish't Ladies, but as vanquish't Captaines;  
 And so must use you. *Orisb*: Alas, what's your Intent?

Is't

Is't to enrich your selves with our poore spoyles?

*Thal:* If Plunder be your aime, pray take our Jewels;  
Bestow them on your Mistresses, at your  
Returne; And tell them how generously, how stoutly,  
You purchast them; Say you betraid the Wearers  
First, and then rised 'em. *Orith:* Pray strip us; And  
Let us redeeme our Liberty with the  
Poore ranfome of our Cloathes. *Clyt:* You are deceiv'd;  
Our purposes are much more high, and noble,  
Then to raise booty from you, Theeves conquer so.  
Our Custome is, when we take Prisoners, to  
Lead them in Triumph through our *Thracian* streets;  
Your Beauties, thus adorned, will save the charge  
Of gilded Pageants, to entertaine the People.

*Thal:* Must we be made a show, then, to delight (welcome  
Your Wives and children? *Clyt:* How should they make us  
At our returne else? *Hipp:* Could we take your fields,  
And Townes, and Cities, and Rivers Prisoners too,  
And could transport them with us, these we should  
Make part oth' Triumph; But because we cannot,  
What Nature makes impossible, we do  
Supply with Art, And lead them painted; And  
The Pencill doth present in Colours, what  
The Truth of Things denies. *Clyt:* Then for your persons,  
Being our lawfull Captives; 'Tis our Custome  
To give you to our Ladies, to be their slaves  
In ordinary; To starch, and to belong  
Unto their Laundries, And so we doe divide  
Our Conquests with them. But because we will  
Deale honourably with you, we intend  
To use you as our other Wives; you shall  
Be seconds in the pleasures of our Beds.

*Hipp:* I do presume such Warlike Ladies, as  
Your selves, must have read *Homer*; you shall be  
My *Briseis*, I your *Agamemnon*. *Clyt:* You  
My *Chrysis*, I your stout *Achilles*; These  
Two white the *Myrmidons* will serve to raise  
A Breed betweene them and our Pages. *Orith:* Sir,

Have you a sense of Noblenesse? *Clyt.* Yes Lady,  
And you shall finde it. *Orith:* Finish your Conquest, then,  
And take a life I'm weary of. I am  
Your Prisoner, Let me be your slaughter too.

*Thal:* Shew your selves equally as valiant in  
Our Death, as our Surprize. Take a fraile breath,  
Which, to enjoy, with these conditions, will  
Adde new weights to our Thraldome; And you will  
Afflict us with our preservation.

*Orith:* By your owne Lady, Sir, if you have one,  
Let me beseech you, kill mee; 'Twill be farre  
More noble then to Love me. *Thal:* Every houre  
We live your Captives, thus, will seeme an Age  
Of Infamy. *Menal:* Madam, Let's stand upon  
Our Naturall Defence; They are but two  
Against us foure. *Marib:* Let's Mutiny, and by  
Our owne swords free our selves. They've onely  
A Heart to take us treacherously like Theeves;  
But dare not fight with us. *Clyt:* What would you do  
Pretty Serjant Major Damfell were you loose,  
Who are thus Valiant in your Shackles? *Hypp:* Now  
You'll know your Doomes. Here comes our Prince with his  
Faire brace of Prisoners.

## SCÆNA V.

*To them Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene,  
like Amazons, as in a Wood.*

*Eurym:* ———Y're the first Lady, Madam,  
That e're yet bore such Armes against her Lover.  
I thought to finde your Quiver in your Lookes,  
Not hanging at your backe; And to encounter  
No Shafts or Arrows, but those bright ones shot  
From your faire eyes. Thus doubly arm'd you have  
Taken a Course to make me twice your Captive.

*Barf:* You shew, Sir, how you love me thus to stile  
Your selfe the prisoner, of your prisoner.

Y'are

Y<sup>e</sup> are the first Prince I've read of, (If I may  
Call you a Prince, who by this act have shown  
Your selfe (unlike one) who first did surprize  
His Mistresse, and then Wooed her; Or bound her first,  
Then told her that he loved her. Wilde *Salvages*,  
And lustfull *Satyres* court thus; who do know  
No difference betwixt their Loves, and Rapes;  
But call a rude force Kindnesse; Thinke th<sup>e</sup> are amorous  
Ith' midst of violence; And call't Loves fire,  
And flame, which is a foule intemperate heate,  
Kindled from every thing that's faire; on which  
They looke not as 'tis faire, or amiable,  
But as it may be sullyed and contribute  
Unto their beastly satisfaction.

*Eurym*: I hope you thinke not, Madam, I'll make use  
Of this advantage so barbarously, as  
T'attempt your person?

——— *Barfi*: That were a crime, which would  
Provoke the Gods, which doe inhabit these  
Quiet, hallowed shades, to take revenge upon you.  
And you would trespassse 'gainst the place, as well  
As 'gainst your honour. *Eurym*: I do confesse you are,  
To an irregular eye, wholly compos'd  
Of sweet enticements. A thousand Beauties fly  
From you, at every looke in soft Temptations.  
And from a minde which knowes no holier use  
Of such a heavenly forme, but first to cover,  
And then t'enjoy, there might be danger; And  
The Assailer might excuse his fault from that  
Which left him not himselfe, but snatcht him to  
Forbidden pleasures. But I doe looke upon you  
With other eyes. As y<sup>e</sup> are to me a *Venus*,  
And strike a warme flame in me, so you are  
*Diana* too, and do infuse a chaste,  
Religious coldnesse. You do not onely stand  
Before me safe as in a Circle, made  
By your owne charmes; But do incircle me  
With the same Vertuous spels. *Barfi*: I yet scarce thinke

My,

My selfe secure, when I thinke you my Pyrate.

*Eurym:* You'l finde the enterprize deserves a name  
More gentle, when you know my Sister went  
Halfe Pyrate with me. I had no other way  
To gaine a free, and Innocent Access.  
To enter your Castle had beene impossible;  
Unlesse, like *Jove*, I had transform'd my selfe  
Into a *Showre*, and rained my selfe downe from  
The Skies into your presence. *Barf:* Had you a hand  
In my betraying, then? *Rox:* If for one Lady  
To contrive Service for another; Or if  
To assist a Brother in his Vertuous Love  
Be to betray, I do confesse *Barfens*,  
I'me a Conspiratour. Or if he breake  
Conditions, and make this ignoble use  
Of such a favour, having had his Audience,  
Not to restore us to our Liberty,  
I am betrayed too. They were first my Letters  
Which drew him from his Country with a Fleete,  
In show for my pursuite, but in reality,  
To enjoy this Intervew, and make his eyes  
The Judges of the picture I made of you;  
Or whether Ieri'd not in my descriptions, or  
Presented you by a false partiall light,  
When I decipher'd you just such another  
As he doth now behold you. *Barf:* Is this true, Sir?

*Eurym:* Witnesse ye Gods, if among all your Worshippers,  
There be one who contemplates your Divine,  
Invisible, Shapelesse, substances with a  
More awfull reverence, or paises Devotion  
To Powers he sees not with a stronger fervour,  
Then I did to you, Madam; whom I did  
Adore before I saw; And you had then  
A perfect Shrine, and Temple in me; where  
I did frame such *Ideas* of you, so pure,  
So free from these grosse figures, which do stirre  
The vulgar admiration, that, if I said,  
A *Minde* was worshipt by a *Minde*, And that

My thoughts supply'd the place of Sacrifices,  
Which flew betweene us; And, like winged prayers,  
Maintain'd a sacred Entercourse, & traffique,  
With the Originall of what I fancy'd,  
I doe but rudely, but halfe expresse my selfe.

*Barf.* You make me blush. *Eur.* But when in the disguise  
Of my *Embassadour*, I saw before me  
The *Queene of Love*, veil'd in your beauteous shape;  
With all her *Graces*, & winged *Cupids* about her.  
When I beheld all those celestiall *Images*,  
Which I fram'd of your Absence, and ador'd  
Abstracted from you, cloth'd in your faire face,  
If I projected for this houre, or us'd  
The Invention of one stricke, to purchase this  
Short Audience from you, you are t'impute th'offence,  
Or boldnesse, not to me, but unto Nature,  
Who did not make me blind, But sent me in  
To th'world with eyes. *Barf.* If you proceed, I must  
Accuse her, that she gave me cares to heare  
Such praises so misplac'd. *Eur.* Madam, then breisfly,  
I claime an interest in you, Love for Love;  
Which that you may grant as a *Princesse*, and I  
Receive it as a *Prince*, here I doe banish  
All shoves and signes of Hostile force, and doe  
Release you, and your faire Traine. You *Hippocles*,  
And *Clytus*. First aske pardon for your cruelty,  
Although but acted, and then unbinde the Ladies.

*Clyt.* Madam, I hope you can forgive; If not,  
Please you to take me prisoner, so you will  
Promise my thraldome shall be onely such  
As yours should have beene, had we in earnest kept you  
Outright our Captives, I will be content  
To exchange shackles with you. *Hipp.* Pray hold your lega  
A little fairelier, Madam. Methinkes we two  
Make the Embleme of the Jealous husband, and (was  
The Handsome wife. *Orish.* How's that Sir? *Hipp.* Why there  
One, who by day still lockt his wife in chaines,  
And gave her ease by night. *Clyt.* You two would faine

They un-  
bind'em.

D

Have



Have your two legges at large too. *Hipp.* Now your Armes  
Are set at liberty, looke you employ not

Your naturall weapons against us. *Men.* What are those Sir?

*Hipp.* Your Nails. *Men.* We scorne to scratch. *Enr.* Next,  
Rude Interruption of it, (For when you (after this

Have pardon'd it, I still must looke upon

It as an amorous Crime) I will my selfe

Continue your safe passage to your *Island*;

And see you receiv'd in your Castle. *Bar.* That

Will onely alter our Captivity,

Not tak't away. We must still thinke our selves

Your prisoners there, if you beare Armes against us.

*Enrym.* Here, then, To let you see, my purpose is not

To be an Enemy to your Brother, and

A Supplicant to you; But that I came

To carry a *Queene*, not conquest home with me,

I doe resigne my Forces, and lay downe

My selfe, and Armies at your Feet, Bright princeesse;

Say, what peace would you have? I will refuse

No Articles, so you be one of them.

*Barfen.* You have exprest your selfe so Nobly, showne

Such generous Signes of your Intentions, and

Gayn'd such a Conquest or'e me by your free,

And Princely Carriage, That as an earnest of

Greater returns, Wee'l make you partner in

A harmelesse plot we have, which shall conclude

With all that all we wish. *Rox.* Wee've a Designe

To try how our surprize takes with our Campe,

Our Habits and the Art we will put to 'em,

Will keepe us from being knowne. *Barf.* I will deferre

Your farther satisfaction, or confesse

How much I am engag'd, Sir, to requite

Your pure Affections with my owne, 'till our

Next Conference. And lest you should beleive,

(How ere y'have chang'd a Tempest to a calme,

And make me now in Love with my owne fright)

You not deserve to undergoe some penance

For making us afraid, your punishment,

Shall

Shall be to fetch my Answer at my Tent,  
*Enrym.* And I shall think't an Age 'till I receive it.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA. VI.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* Did we three ere looke to be Captaines? *Neand.* Troth,  
 I thought my Marches onely would have beene  
 To lead a Company of Ladies in  
 Court Ranke, and File, unto a Maske, and Play,  
 And backe againe. *Art.* And as for skirmishes,  
 I thought all mine would have proov'd Chamber ones,  
 Ton ue-Fights. Or if they had proceeded farther  
 To th' Drawing of Bloud, at most, Naile-Combates. *Call.* I've  
 The strangest Company of *Voluntiers*;  
 All Gentlemen of *Hedges*, & *Highwayes*.  
 I doe command an *Hospitall*. Of Fifty  
 But two have Shirts among 'em; And those worne  
 Not as shitt, or Things at first ordain'd to be  
 Made cleane, and washt; but as perpetuall Garments;  
 Not to be put of 'till They doe forsake  
 Their Wearers, Voluntarily, and creepe from them.  
 That which was linnen once, Time turnes to Troopes.  
 I'le under take could all Quicke Things which are  
*Bithynian* in our Regiment beare Armes,  
 We need not feare the *Persian*. Every Souldier  
 Would be a moving *Legion*. *Neand.* My Company,  
 Is much like yours. Last Muster, when I reckon'd  
 By th'poll, They were Threescore. But when by doublets,  
 Scarce Thirty; And these fit for summer Warres.  
 A fine, warme, entercourse doth passe betweene  
 Their Skin, and Sun. Farre off They show directly  
 Like souldiers of the first Ages, before such Things  
 As Clothes, or Garments were invented; Neare hand  
 You'd thinke They had held civill conflict, and  
 Totne one another thus ragged. If we fight

D 2

With

With th'Enemy; their first great Enterprize  
 Will be for Breeches; The next for Conquest. *Art. Troth,*  
 Mine are not altogether so compleatly  
 Ragged and torne, as yours are. But for Courages  
 And Lookes, I doe perceiue a kinde of quiet,  
 Yet understood Conspiracy among them,  
 How not to fight; And can obserue a speaking,  
 Sly Combination passe 'twixt face and face,  
 How to escape. Their Marches are divided  
 Betweene a certaine provident care to fly,  
 And feare of hanging. *Call:* And yet these thin-sould Rascals  
 Dare mutiny for pay. This Morning I  
 Consum'd in hearing greivances. One told me  
 He was this Weeke preserv'd by Miracle;  
 Liv'd on one bunch of Radishes, which sure  
 He thinkes did multiply from one to many,  
 He had beene famisht else. Another told me,  
 A Cheese had like t'have rais'd Commotion  
 'Twixt him and foure Camerades; which had suffic'd them  
 Foure Dayes. A Third doth verily beleive  
 He shall in time reduce his Body to  
 A perfect Habit of eating nothing; For  
 He doth protest He hath not tasted food  
 These eight and forty houres. *Neand:* Here comes the King.

## SCÆNA VII.

To them *Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager.*

*Arch.* How doe your Workes goe on. *Theagines?*  
 Are they of Height and Strength enough to keepe  
 Us from th' Assaults oth' Enemy, untill  
 Our other Forces come? *Theag:* Unless we should  
 Like th'Ancient *Gyants*, who invaded Heaven,  
 Pile Hills on Hills, or compass in our selves  
 With Mountaines heap't on Mountaines, Sir, we cannot  
 Immure our selves with more Defences, or  
 Raise Guards more stopp, or more Impregnable.

That

That which was er'st a Champion Feild is now  
 A perfect Fort. If they have winged Horses,  
 Or feather'd Breed of *Pegasus*, and can  
 Be a flying Army in the Aire, or give  
 Us battle from the Clouds, there is some feare  
 They may surprize us; But by th' common way  
 Of Battery by *Rammes*, or *Engines*, They  
 As well may beseige Rockes, or strive to make  
 Their Souldiers scale Towers. *Arch.* And have you *Meleager*  
 Made true Discovery of their Campe? *Mel.* It seemes  
 They meane to make the plaine beyond next Hill,  
 The Scene oth' Fight. I have observ'd from thence  
 Their severall *Quarters*; Tents cast into Streets,  
 Painted Pavillions in the midst, and Heart  
 Oth' *Leagner*, which show like moveable pallaces;  
 And vye a kinde of bravery with the Sunne,  
 Which shall cast, or reflect the brightest Glory.  
 About these in a decent order stand  
 A Numerous Towne of *Tabernacles*, of  
 Lesse Glitterings, which doe end in a large *Suburbs*  
 Of common souldiers Cabbins. Had they brought  
 Their Wives, and Temples with them, it would be  
 A perfect warlike City. *Arch.* You describe  
 The preparations of a Wedding; This  
 Trim show can't be intended for a fight.  
 Have they secur'd all this with Trenches too?  
 Have they Wals to their painted City? *Mel.* It seemes  
 They meane their number shall supply those, Sir,  
 Unlesse it were the *Persian Army*, which  
 Was overcome by *Alexander*, where  
 The *Greekes* at once fought, and beheld a *Malque*,  
 Perform'd by Ladies in gilt Chariots; And where  
 The Souldiers tooke Directions how to fight  
 From Harpes and Lutes, which play'd betweene the battles,  
 As betweene Acts and Entrances, I ne're read  
 Of any expedition which consisted  
 Of so much Spectacle and Number too.

*Arch.* Surely *Eurimedon* hath rais'd these forces

To make an Entertainment for my Sister,  
 And make his Conquest of the Ladies show  
 More sweet, and Courtly. Harke, what meanes this shout?  
 Go one of you, and see. *Call:* Troth, Sir, it I *A shout within.*  
 May take the humble leave to speake, methinkes  
 You might compote this Warre by Treaty. A Preist,  
 In my poore judgement, Sir, might save much bloud,  
 And joine hands, which divided will joine battells.

*Arch:* You taine would give up your Commission, *Callias,*  
 And be at Court againe. *Call:* Troth, Sir, I had  
 Much rather tire my selfe with dancing at  
 Your, and your Sisters Nuptials, then here venture  
 Marts on my transitory Life. Which if  
 It have a lease of three weekes longer, or  
 If providence doe spin it out a Moneth,  
 'Tis more then I expect. Your Father, Sir,  
 Mu't thank you in the *Elisyan* Shades hereafter,  
 For being so pious, to preferre his will  
 Before your Subjects safety. It *Eurymedon* *Enter*  
 Endow your Sister with your Kingdome, say *Neand.*  
 Your Court once bred a Prophet. *Arch.* Call'd a Coward.

*Neand:* The *Queen* oth's *Amazons*, Sir, hearing of  
 Your Warres, is newly landed, and hath brought  
 An Army of *She Archers* in your Succour.  
 She hath before her sent two Captaines of  
 Her Guard, who call Themselves *Embassadors*; But looke  
 Like *Nymphs* sent of an Errand from the *Goddesse*  
 Of Woods and Huntings, who would have your leave,  
 To make Warre on your Stags, Wild Boares, and Panthers.  
 Looke here they come, Sir.

SCENA VIII,

SCENA VIII.

To them Menalippe, Marthesia, like Amazons.

Men. —Pray which is the King ?

Neand. He, Lady, in the purple scarfe. Men. Our *Queene*,

The famed *Hippolyta*, having atchiev'd

Her conquest on the *Scythians*, and returning

Home, with *Antiope*, her sister, to offer

Their Lawrels up to those Assisting Gods

Which cast them on their Victories, as she say'd

Along your Coasts, hearing you are engag'd

In a Warre something like the *Trojan*, where

She lost an *Ancestour*, offers her selfe,

And whole Fleete to your service. Her reward,

She sayes will be th'Acceptance, nor expects

More thanks, then to be Knowne to your brave *Selfe*;

And the faire Cause you fight for. Mar. She addes farther,

That she desires ( Because she will nor, Sir,

Unshippe her Forces, without your consent,

Which might raise terrour in your people, And

Appeare no Visit, but Invasion)

You'l send a Conduct to meet her on the way

Now towards your Camp; So, to secure the passage

Of these few Ladies she brings with her. Arch. Ladies,

Pray tell your *Queene*, she hath by your brave Message,

Purchast one Lawrell more; And added Mee,

And my whole Kingdome to her other Conquests.

The honour she vouchsafes mee is so great,

That I'll my selfe be of her conduct. Men. Sir,

She's proud to be your soldier. Call. Ladies? Men. Sir?

Call. You have no Message from the other Ladies,

To us Three, have you? Men. How d'you meane? Call, If

Your Queene come here to propogate; or if

You, and your sister Warriours bring a purpose

To carry home *Bithynian* Issue, pray tell em

We are their Servants. Men. We shall Sir, Call. And so

*Diana*

*Diana* speed you, Ladies. *Arch:* You two prepare

*Ex: Men: March:*

*Campe* Entertainment for her. You three put  
Your Troupes in order to attend us. *Neand:* We shall Sir:  
'Twill be the strangest sight to see naked men  
March before Armed Women. *Art:* Gentlemen, *Arch.*  
What think you of this Embassy? *Nea.* Why that *Ex: Tbeag,*  
The Revolutions come, In which we shall, *Mel.*  
Be conquer'd of our Maidenheads. *Art:* Methinks  
I see my selfe already a Father to  
A fine, smart *Amazon;* I looke she should  
Come into th' World with Bow and Arrowes, And  
Be borne with a short sword. *Call:* If our fights prove  
Night Skirmishes, I'll sacrifice to Love.

*Exeunt.*

### ACTVS III. SCENA I.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* Two weekes of this, conceive me, Gentlemen,  
We cannot scape a famine, but shall frolicke  
Our selves into a Dearth, Then live by th'Ounce,  
And dine and suppe in weight and measure, to  
Permit things to increase againe. We have  
At once exhausted three Elements, the Earth,  
Water, and Sky, for Rarities; If the fourth  
Bred ought but *Salamanders*, or afforded  
Ought strange, or edible, I doe beleive  
We should have ransackt that too. *Neand:* I have read  
Of feasting, and heard *Philosophers* dispute  
It for a vice, but ne're saw it practic'd but  
In this large entertainment. Sure the Lords  
Who had the ordering on't first read the workes  
Of some old studied *Epicure*, who placed  
Felicity ith' palate, and then brought  
His rules and precepts into cheere. There wanted  
Onely Pearles to be melted, Gems dissolved,

And



And Jewels drunke to the Queenes health, to make it  
A perfect Sacrifice to Luxury.

*Art:* If this hold, Gentlemen, I doe foresee  
We shall within this Month forget our selves  
To be *Bishnyans*, that is, Souldiers, who  
Can live on Campe fare, and turne *Persians*,  
Where our whole businesse will be onely these  
Two fine, soft, exercises, to eate, and wench. (cheekes,

*Call:* How do you like the Queene? *Neand.* Me thinkes her  
Speake through their Amorous browne, as if she came  
For something else then fighting. There's a story  
Of a *Greeke Prince*, and of a *Queene*, her Countrywoman,  
Who joyn'd Sex thirteene dayes together, to  
Raise Progeny betweene them. If this should  
Claime Copulation by the Law of Nations,  
And challenge a short use, for a month, or so,  
Of the Kings body, for procreation sake,  
I cannot see how, in humanity,  
Having so good a Title as the Want  
Of Men, and Males, in her owne Country; shee  
Can be denied. *Art:* Or if her Sister should  
Claime the short use of one of us, and plead  
Her naturall Right unto our Bodies, 'twere  
A Nationall Wrong, not to endeavour to  
Dismiss her with posterity. *Neand:* You speake  
As if you had hopes, *Artops.* *Art:* I professe  
To me shee's Lightning, Gentlemen; she melts  
My sword ith' scabberd; I stand before her like  
Stubble before a burning Glasse, Her eyes  
At every glance do turne me into flame.

*Call:* Will not one of the other Ladies please  
Your high taste. *Artops?* Me thinkes those faces are  
Most faire, which are most easie of fruition.

*Neand:* I am resolved to sound the true depth of  
Their errand. *Call:* And I. *Art:* I thinke I shall submit,  
And make a Third, *Neand.* Peace, here they come; Me thinks  
Yon'd two by Sympathy already do  
Send Tickets to invite us to their Tents.

## SCÆNA II.

*To them Archidamus, Theagines, Melager, Rexane,  
Barsene, Orishya, Thalastris, Menalippe, Mar-  
thesia, like Amazons; Their faces dis-  
tinted to a comely Browne.*

*Arch.* You truly show, Gracious Hippolyta,  
How much you are a Souldier, who can be  
Content with such rude Entertainment; where  
The most I could expresse, was, that you were  
Receiv'd into a Seige. Where my Distresses,  
And poverty, are faine to call Themselves  
Magnificent from what I lacke, but would  
Faine furnish out with Words, and say My Intent  
Was large, though my expression was but small.  
If ought hereafter make this place or Army  
Deserving of your stay, it must be your  
Owne selfe sufficient Goodnesse, which can put  
Splendid Names on Defects, And the faire Train  
Y'have brought along with you. Whose Company,  
Transformes a Wilde Campe into your owne Court;  
And makes you at home in my poore Country. *Rox. Sir,*  
We hope you doe not thinke we came to feast,  
Or revell with You; For that you have exprest  
Even to a trespasse 'gainst our Discipline;  
Whilest talking us for Women, you forget  
W'are Souldiers too; And turne your Campe into  
A soft Receipt of Ladies. 'Tis against  
Our Country Custome to spend our Dayes in Banquets,  
Or Nights in Maskes; Our Times are more virile,  
And different from the rest of our soft Sex,  
Who doe divide Themselves betwene their Beddes,  
Glasses, Tyres, Dressings, and Discourse of Servants.  
We count our Houres oth' Night by severall Watches,  
And Releifes of our Sentinells; And reckon  
Our Houres oth' Day, not by our Feasts, but Marches.

We

We know no Glasse but our owne Armour; Nor  
E're see our selves but ich' cleare Brightnesse of  
Our Sheilds, and Helmets; And then our Dressings are,  
Such as you See, a Sword, Bow, Shafts, and Quiver.

*Barfen.* We came to helpe you fight, Sir, And to carry  
Deeds worthy of our Name home with us. 'Twill  
Be our reproach in History, it's be knowne  
We did nought in *Bithynia*, after all

Our other great Atcheivements, but see plays;  
Passe the loose Houres in feasting; Know no fights  
But such as are *Dramaticke*, and proceed  
From the Invention of your *Poets*; who  
Kill onely on the Stage, and then revive  
Their slaughter'd persons in the *Tiring-House*.

*Orish.* If with my Queenes leave, I may speake, Sir, If  
We vanquish not the *Thracians*, who are now  
Your Enemies, or give them battle: We  
Shall seeme a fleet of *Gossips*, who tooke shore,  
Onely to see, and to be seene; And to  
Returne Inglorious. *Thal.* Besides, Our Citizens  
Will count us Cowards; And weary to be governed  
By such faint, sluggish Princesses; will mutiny,  
Shake off the yoke of Subjects, and endanger  
To turne our *Monarchy* into a Many-  
Headed *Democracy*; And then you know  
What must needs follow where the *State* consists

All of *Plebeians*; where that *Beast* the Rude  
*Multitude* rules, and none obey. *Arch.* You show  
Valours so much beyond your Sex, and stirre  
So just a shame, and blushing in us of  
Our owne unequall Courages, that I  
Must needs looke on you, not as you are *Ladies*,  
But warlike *Goddesses* stept downe from heaven;  
Each of you an Armed *Pallas*, to assist  
The just Cause of th'afflicted. Or if this  
Expresse you not; In each of you, Methinkes,  
I once more see *Achilles* like a Girl.

And 'twill be Honour to me, when hereafter

Posterity in Chronicle shall ranke me  
 A sharer in your Actions; And my Conquests  
 Shall run in story bound with yours. Not to  
 Offend you therefore with ought effeminate,  
 Or what befits not you to see, or this  
 Place to present, as one addition more  
 To your entertainment I've provided  
 A warlike Dance performed by Warlike Moores;  
 Just in such postures as they adore their Gods,  
 Before they goe to battle. Bid 'em enter.

*Here six Moores dance after the ancient Ethiopian manner. Erect Arrows stucke round their beads, in their curled haire, instead of Quivers. Their Bowes in their hands, Their upper parts naked; Their neather from the waist, to their knees cover'd with bases of blew Sattin, edged with a deepe silver fringe. Their legs also naked, intercircled with rings of gold; the like their Armes. Great pendants of Pearle at their eares. At every close, expressing a cheerefull Adoration of their Gods.*

My next care, Madam, shalbe to make these follies  
 Passe into better spectacles. I will  
 Send for the Ladies from their Castle. Your presence  
 Will mak't a new delight to enjoy the sounds,  
 And roughnesse of the Campe.

## SCÆNA III.

To them Lyncestes, Polydamas.

Archid: ———My Lord Lyncestes,  
 Polydamas, How doe the Ladies brooke  
 Their Solitude? Have they not yet created  
 One of themselves Preist to the Company,  
 To say prayers twice a day for their releasement?

Lync: Sure Sir, They were not Ladies, but a Crew  
 Of Spirits; who appear'd like women, and  
 A while wore humane faces made of lips,  
 And eyes, and cheekes, & dimples, to delude

The

The easy sight of the beholders, and  
Then vanish backe into themselves againe.

*Arch:* They are not growne invisible. I hope;  
They've no enchanted Rings among 'em? *Lync:* Sir,  
I have sailed round your Coast, as farre as Water  
Would give me leaze; Have ransacke every Creeke,  
Examined every hole which would but lodge  
A *Conger*, or a *Poore-John*; And can finde  
No more print of them then Ships leave ith' Sea.  
Ulesse I should have hir'd your *Negro's*, Sir,  
Which I met here at doore to dive for 'em,  
As *Indians* do for pearle, in hope to finde 'em,  
Some forty Fathome deepe in *Oyster Shells*,  
I know not where to seeke 'em. *Arch:* Are they lost then?

*Lync:* *Eurymedon* in person with his *Fleete*  
Concealed, Sir, seized them in their passage over,  
Into the *Island*; And whether he have sent 'em  
Home to *Bizantium*, or keepe them here  
His prisoners, is uncertaine. *Polyd:* The Report  
Had likt have put *Chalcedon*, Sir, into  
A Civill Warre. The People of both Sexes,  
Till I allay'd them, were up in a Commotion.

*Arch:* O my prophetick soule! which whisper'd me  
I should not trust 'em to an Element  
So false and treacherous. *Theag:* Are our two Ladies  
Vapour'd away ith' mill too, Sir, and seiz'd on?

*Lync:* Yes, and their women; They have not left a beauty  
Ith' City; or ought which you can call handsome  
To breed upon, or to continue a  
Succession of good faces. *Theag:* I expect  
In time to see my wife returne then, with  
A race of little *Thracians* all noble by  
The bearers side. *Meleag:* And I that my Wife save me  
The future labour of begetting, and  
Without my helpe returne me a fine Troope  
And Squadron, which will call her Mother, and  
Me Captaine. *Arch:* Had he seiz'd my Crowne; or taken  
Me prisoner, and with me my Kingdome, I;

Had beene a losse I could have borne; And thought it  
 One of the Chances which prove Princes subject  
 To Mens Misfortunes. But to deprive me of  
 Her, who to mee was Empire, Kingdome, Crowne,  
 And all Things else, which make men happy; She  
 Whose two eyes were the Sunnes that rul'd my Day,  
 And to whom onely her Absence did make Night;  
 She who smil'd virtue, and whose beauteous Lookes  
 Were a soft, visible, Musicke, which entranc'd  
 The lookers on, and stricke harmonious raptures  
 Into every chaste soule, and instill'd pure fires  
 Int' every unchaste; She who had the power  
 To charme ferce Tygers, and make Panthers tame,  
 And civilize the wildest Salvage, but  
 He who surpriz'd Her, and made his Sister, and  
 My destined Queene part of his pyracie;—  
 Thus to deprive me of my Joyes itt' porch,  
 And entrance to them, is a wrong like thar,  
 Where the faire Bride is raviisht from the Bridegroom,  
 Upon the Nuptiall Day; or where their Hands  
 Are rudely Sunder'd whilest the Preist is tying  
 The holy Knot. But why doe I turne Woman,  
 And adde to th' losse by my Complaints. You two  
 Streight backe to th' City; Raise new Forces; Adde  
 Wings to your expedition. I shall thinke  
 Time moves not with its owne hast, 'till we give  
 The Robbers Battle, and redeeme the prey. *Ex: Lync:*  
*Rox:* Come, Sir, you shall divert the Thought of your *Polyd.*  
 Recoverable losse at our Tent; where  
 We will divide greifes with you, or finde wayes  
 To make them wholly ours. *Arch:* Your Company  
 Receives me, Madam; And I shall not thinke  
 My selfe unfortunate in such a presence.

*Exeunt.*

SÆNA IV.



SCENA. IV.

*Callias, Neander, Artops, Orithya, Thalasiris,  
Menalippe, Marthesia.*

*Call.* Ladies? *Orith.* Sir? *Call.* You don't train this afternoon,  
Or muster, doe you? *Orith.* Your reason Sir? *Call.* Because,  
If no Affaire of Discipline call on you

To leave us, wee'd faine change some Campe Aire with you.

*Thal.* We are at full leisure, Sir. *Call.* Pray, Ladies, let us  
Be bold to aske you then, what places hold you

In your Queenes Army? Doe you command the Foot,  
And Infantry? Or are you Cavaliers

And Regents of the Horse? *Orith.* Why doe you aske?

*Call.* Not out of curiosity, t' informe  
Our selves in your Arts Military; But onely

Out of a free desire we have Commanders

To be admitted servants to Commanders.

*Orith.* How doe you meane? *Neand.* Troth, Ladies, to divert  
The Melancholly and Sadnesse which this Accident  
Will raise among us; we would gladly joine  
Souldiers with Souldiers, and make both Armies one.

*Thal.* That's done already Sir. *Art.* Our meaning is,  
We would faine doe you civill Right, and pay you  
The debts of nature which you come for. Officers  
Mingling with Officers will raise a Race

Of stout young Alexanders betweene them, who'l  
Once more subdue the world. *Thal.* Now you speake  
Without Clouds, we conceive you. Doe you thinke then,  
We come to seeke men to get children on us?

*Call.* We hope y'are like your Mothers. We know, Ladies  
Without our Helpe you are but barren Things;  
And cannot propagate betweene your selves.

*Orith.* Well, say this be our Errand, since you speake  
Soe understandingly; what would you doe

To helpe us in Necessity? *Neand.* Doe? Why,

What should we doe? Doe service to your Country;

And.



And strive to keepe you still a People, by  
A new succession of *Amazons*. *Orish*: But say (save you  
They should prove *males*, Sir. *Neand*: Then breed them up to  
The trouble of such journies; and employ 'em,  
As you do us their Fathers, to th' publicke good.

*Thal*: But 'tis against our Lawes to Foster, Sir,  
*Male* births. *Neand*: What do you with 'emidrown 'em then?

*Thal*: Restore 'em to their getters. Would you receive 'em,  
If we should send 'em home? *Neand*: So they be borne  
Perfect; not halfe *male*, and halfe *female*; I'll  
Nurse no *Hermaphrodites*. *Orish*: Besides, you have  
Beene us'd to th' Ladies of your owne Court; you'l  
Ne're like our Company. We are not faire  
And beautifull enough to stirre your Loves

To serve us in our needs. *Art*: By this hand, Ladies,  
I'me more inflam'd to see a certaine true,  
And Genuine smile creepe o're your N: throwne faces,  
And make a kinde of Day-breake there, then all  
The Artificiall whites and reds, laid on  
By our Court painters, who call't Beauty ro

Create their owne lookes. *Thal*: Are there such Arts, then?

*Call*: You saw the two Lords here? *Thal*: Yes Sir, *Call*: They  
Have two young Ladies, whom I do question, whether  
They may call *Wives*, or *Pictures*. *Neand*: Their wedding day  
Saw them, perhaps, in their owne blushes; And  
They lay the first night in their unbought Roses;  
But ever since have varied shapes; scarce worne  
The same face twice. Who'd lye with such she *Proteusses*?  
Who change forme in the embrace; And do lye downe  
One Mistressse, and ith' morning rise another? (like

*Orish*: Our lookes are course, but native, Sir. *Neand*: Y're  
The Times which Love delights in; we behold  
A faire night in your faces stucke with Stars.

*Call*: Me thinks ye exceed the *Queene of Love*; she had  
But one blacke *Mole*, you are all but one faire *Spot*.

*Art*: Belceve it Ladies, were he not a boy,  
I'de say y'had brought each of you in those lovely,  
Darke, shady cheekes, a *Cupid*, who from thence,

As from an amiable twilight, shootes  
His golden arrowes. *Orith.* You do expresse your selves  
So affectionate, so like lovers— *Thal.* So comply  
With our owne wishes, which are to requite  
Your love with love— *Orith.* And do so nobly know  
The wants of Ladies, and can as nobly pardon  
All their defects, that henceforth we'll expect  
Some entercourse of visit from you. *Thal.* We  
Shall long to see you at our poore Tents, choose  
Your owne times; We lock not our curtaines.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

SCÆNA V.

*To them Theagines and Meleager.*

*Theag.* What, laying siege to th' Ladies, Gentlemen?  
*Call.* Trying, my Lord, what *Fortes* They weare; or where  
They are most easie to be Scal'd; We have yet  
But made an Attempt upon their *Outworkes*, and  
Held parley with them. *Mel.* And how, and how, in Troth,  
D'you find em? Tractable? Will They surrender  
On easie Composition, without a long  
And tedious Battery? *Neand.* We find em made,  
As other Ladies are, of flesh and blood:  
I do perceive no difference, My Lords,  
Twixt Ayres, and Clymates; But where men meet women,  
*Nature* will have'ts Effects, for the preservation  
Oth' *Universe*: unlesse there should be some  
To aske, others to grant; some to beget,  
Others to bring forth, the World would have an end  
In the short Circle of one Age. *Theag.* I hope  
It is not come to that already; you have  
Had a quick victory, to see and conquer.  
*Mel.* Th'are very Waxen, sure, who take Impression  
At the first chafing. *Art.* Waxen? Why Pie tell you,  
I never yet saw Things so yeelding, So  
Obedient to the Touch. I do beleieve,

F

Should

Should we dissemble coynesse, or stand out,  
They would put Questions to us; And upon  
Refusall, take Armes, and invade our Lodgings.  
And what would be the fruits of such a Warre,  
Back't with so good a Cause, your Lordships judge.

*Neand:* Alas you must consider, Good my Lords,  
*Necessity's a Tyrant.* Had they Men  
In their owne Countrey to supply their Wants,  
Or were their State compos'd so, that without  
Danger to th' *Commonwealth*, there might be some  
Kept at the publique charge to lye with them,  
At th' Age of procreation, and so be  
The Fathers of their Country, whilst they mingled  
*Natives* with *Natives*, It perhaps would seeme  
Immodest to seeke forraigne Helpe. But where  
*Males* are against the Law; And where to *Marry*  
Is worse then to *commit*; And where a *Husband*  
Is a Crime worse then *Fornication*; what  
In this Case would you have them doe? *Call:* Unlesse  
Nature had made them double, and enabled 'em  
To be both Sexes to themselves; Or else,  
Unlesse they could beare children, as we see,  
Our feilds beare flowers; Where one and the same Soyle  
Water'd by a soft shower, or breath'd upon  
By a Warme Aire, is Father, Mother, All,  
To its owne Issue; How d'you thinke they should  
Produce posterity? Troth, My Lords, I feele  
A certaine generous pitty in me to  
Their reasonable Longings. *Theag.* Well, Gentlemen,  
You have convinc'd us. But doe you thinke the Two  
*Princesses* came for the same purpose? *Art:* As sure  
As we have leave, Sir, to make visits, or  
Choose our owne Nights with these departed Ladies.  
*Mel:* And have you? *Art:* Aske them. *Neand* Troth my Lords,  
Work enough with your own two Ladies, when (you'l have  
You next recover 'em; and therefore will not,  
We hope, disturbe us, who are single, in  
Our amorous courses. We are promis'd all.

The pleasures which their Tents can yeild: And told  
There shall be no lockes 'twixt us and our Joyes.

SCÆNA. VI.

To them *Macrinus, Lacero, Serpiz*; Three totter'd  
common Souldiers, with a Drummer before them;  
And Cock-feathers in their Hats.

*Cal.* How now? What have we here? The Signe oth' Battle  
'Twixt *Time* and Ragged *Breeches*? And whither now  
Tends your most totter'd March? What make your foure  
Halfe Doublets from your Colours? *Macr.* Sir, we are  
Employed as *publique persons*, by our Companies,  
To tell the King our Greivances. Beat on  
To th' Kings Pavillion. *Neand: Publique:* 'Tis true, you are;  
Your Elbowes witnesse for you; There's not one  
Bare part about you that's not *publique*. But  
Pray itay, pray itay a little, Gentlemen;  
What Greivances have your most lousy valours  
To present now? *Lac:* Such, Sir, as we have often  
Complain'd to you of, and you'l not redresse us.

*Serp:* The King is just, Sir, and allowes us pay,  
Which you melt up by th' way. You may make sport,  
And laugh at our poore Ruines; But 'tis our *Raggies*,  
And barenesse, which doth make you *glitter*. *Mac:* If  
We had our Right, your large Scarfes, every one  
Of which display'd, would make the Colours to  
A Company, should be our *Shirts*. *Arr.* How, Sir?

*Lac:* Sir, it is true; And your large *Feathers*, each  
Of which, wav'd by the Winde, does make you walke  
In perfect *flowrish*; And present you like  
Three winged *Dedalus's*, prepar'd to fly,  
Should be our Coates, and plume us. *Ser.* And that shine  
And blaze of plate about you, which puts out  
Our eyes, when we march 'gainst the Sunne, and armes you  
Compleatly with your owne *gold Lace*, which is  
Laid on so thicke, that your owne Trimmings doe

Render you Engine prooffe, without more Armes,  
 Should goe to buy us bread. *Art.* This is most rare  
 With reference to the *Feathers* in your Hats,  
 Most *pisfring Gentlemen*, which shew you have  
 Skirmished with Neighbouring poultry, lately, and having  
 Eaten part of your Conquest, weare the rest  
 As Emblems of your wandering from the Campe,  
 And Inrodes on Backsides. If I may aske you,  
 Where have you learnt this Eloquence? I do not  
 Read that *Demosthenes* declaym'd with Toes  
 Looking through leather Callements. Or that He was  
 Sent in an Embassie with halfe a Stockin,  
 Or such decay'd Caparisons, as I  
 Observe in your retinuc. *Maer.* Sir, wee need  
 No Teacher but our wants to find us words.  
*Lacer.* Had you Three reckon'd th' Age oth' Warre by fasting  
 As we have done; who by our hunger know  
 'Tis now a month since it began; or did you  
 Know onely these two poore Releefes, Warme daies  
 For Clothes, Warme Ayre for food. *Serp.* Or had you  
 Beene Three *Camrados* like us, Three daies to one.  
 Dried *Bisket*, and horne *Stock fish*, both which might  
 Be shot for *Battery*, And for hardnesse be  
 Reckon'd into th' *Artillery*, we doe  
 Beleeve you would not starve in silence; Or  
 Depart this life without some Testimony  
 That you were famisht hence. *Call.* Why harke you, you  
 Rascalls, who thinke the life of man consists  
 In eating; And that you were sent into the world  
 To devoure Flocks and Heards; what are you made for?  
 Resolve mee, if you can; What is the End  
 Of your Creation, but to fight, Goe naked,  
 And starve in Sun shine? *Neand.* True; what other use  
 Can there be of you in a *State*, but either  
 To be hang'd if you steale, if you do not  
 To suffer hunger, and be lowlie in  
 Your Countries Cause? And if you scape the Sword,  
 And do survive, to be a Burthen to

The *Common wealth*, to be dispatcht by famine,  
for the *publique eate*? *Art*: Besides, why do you trouble  
Us with your meager vilages? what are  
Your torne necessities to us? *Mac*: Does not  
Our pay passe through your hands? Are not you our Captains?

*Art*: And are there no wayes, Sir, to live, besides  
Your foure and eight pence weekly? *Lac*: Wee'd be glad  
To learne them, Sir. *Art*: Pray let me aske you, then,  
And answer with discretion. What is  
The naturall use of Capons, Hens, and Geese?  
For what serve Turkeys? *Mac*: To be eaten. *Art*: Right;  
You and I jumpe. And what's the use of Sheep?  
I do not meane with fleeces; (That falls under  
Another question:) But as they are Mutton?

*Lac*: Why to be eaten too. *Art*: Still right. And lastly,  
What is the use of Wooll made into Cloth?

Is't not to cover? *Serp*: 'Tis so, Sir. *Art*: And what's  
The use of Plate and Money? Is't not to  
Supply Mens Wants, and buy the things they need? (make

*Serp*: Most true Sir, *Art*: And are these times which do  
The health of all these lawfull, And reach out  
All these unto you for the venturing: And  
Are you so cowardly, or rather so

In love with your owne *Lice*, that you must aske  
Us for releife? Or thinke of such a base,

Poore, contemptible thing as *Pay*? *Mac*: Is this  
The answer you will give us? *Art*: This is all.

*Plundering's* a large *Revenue*; 'Tis your owne  
Fault if *Townes* cloth you not; Or if the *Fields*  
Afford you not provision. *Mac*: We must then  
Here let you know, wee'l Mutiny. Beat backe,

*Call*: You Mutiny, you ill fac'd Rascals; Have your  
Aminde to cheat the Hangman with your Wardrobes?  
Or an itch to disgrace the Gibbet with  
Your Goblin Carcasses before your times? (raise

*Lac*: Wee'l raise the Campe against you. *Serp*: Come, let's  
Let's raise the Campe. *Neand*: Away you heape of vermin.  
Earth your selves in your Trenches; And there live

The quiet life of *Moles*; Feed on the Rootes *Ex: Maes*  
 Of wholesome hearbs which grow about you. *Goc. Lac: Ser:*  
*Call.* My Lords, we must take leave. *Art:* You see the peace  
 Oth' Army lyes on't. *Neand:* We kisse your Lordships hands.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCÆNA VII.

*Theagines, Meleager, To them Menalippe, Marthesia.*

*Theag:* Why here be three new *Captains* now, who make  
 The Right use of the Warre. Spend their Assaults  
 On such soft, harmelesse, yeilding Things, as Ladies,  
 And keepe Themselues in Spangles, with the pay  
 Of their poore *Souldiers*. *Mel:* It appears to me  
 Strange what Designe should cast these *Amazons*  
 Upon our shore. I hope they have no Aime  
 To take Advantage of our fight; or keepe  
 Themselues Spectatours 'till both Armies have  
 Weaken'd Themselues, and then ore'come the Victours.  
 I would be loath to have it said in story,  
 We were subdu'd by Women with one Breast.  
 And it would trouble me to see my selfe  
 Led Captive; And transported to a Land  
 Where I must propagate at the mercy of  
 Those who did take me prisoner; And get Children  
 By th' night, and taske, upon my *Conquerours*.

*Theag.* Beleiv't their project is lesse politicke.  
 You heare the Errand they come for is to  
 Lye with us in our Land. *Mel:* Still 'tis strange  
 They should so quickly open, And reveale  
 Themselues so eay, so prepared, as these  
 Three make 'em. *Theag:* Pray Heaven, my Lord, our Ladies  
 Show not themselues as eay, and as pliant,  
 Ith' other *Campe*. 'Tis true indeed, their case  
 Is not the same. They've had no Dearth of Husbands,  
 Which shou'd invite 'em to require Reliefe  
 From th' Enemy. But if they should conclude

A peace



A peace for us; And if one of the Articles  
Be, to give something they can spare, and we  
Not misse, we cannot helpe it if they show  
Themselues good patriots; And preferre their *Country*;  
Before our private *Interests*; or their  
More private *Honesties*. *Mel*: True; 'Tis but loosing  
A little *Honour* for the *publique Good*;  
And *Honours* but a Word; We shall not be  
Impoverisht by the losse. All parts in Women  
Are like their lippes; And lippes you know are Springs.  
If a whole Army quench their Thirst there, still  
As much is left as taken; The first stocke *Ent. Menal*.  
Remaines entire. *Theag*. My Lord, Behold; what say *Marth*;  
You to a Message now? *Mel*: I'me now confirm'd.

*Men*: Are you my Lord *Theagines*? *Theag*: Yes Lady.

*Marth*: And you my Lord *Meleager*? *Mel*: 'Tis my names.

*Men*: Y'are oth' *Bedchamber* to th' King? *Mel*: We are so.  
They have had good Intelligence. *Marth*: Our Ladies  
Hearing y'are noble, and delighting much  
In persons valiant, and of great Action, (as  
They are informed you are) will take it for  
An honour, if you will vouchsafe to be  
Oth' *Bedchamber* to them too, for the space  
Of a short visit. *Men*. They say they doe long,  
Long, very much t'impart a businesse to you.

*Thea*: You doe not know what 'tis? *Men*. Sir, it requires  
The secrecy of their Tents to know it. *Mel*: When  
Pray, is the time they'd be at leisure, Ladies,  
For us to waite upon'em? *Marth*: At all times, Sir,  
They say you cannot erre. Onely they will  
Tak't as the greater favour, If to beguile  
The tedious houres, with discourse of the *Ancients*,  
And the Comparison of *Womens* deeds,  
With those of *Men*, you will divide your Nights,  
Sometimes with them. *Men*: But cheifly, they desire  
You would now come along with us. *Thea*. My Lord,  
What would come on't if we Two should suppose  
Our selves unmarried? Our Wives when we next meet,

(If

It before hand they not requite us) will  
 Finde us whole Husbands. *Mel:* I am resolv'd to make  
 Use of the Opportunity. The worst  
 That can befall us, if our Ladies know it,  
 Is to seale mutuall pardons. *Theag:* Come, Ladies, you  
 Shall be our Clue to guide us. *Men:* We will lead you  
 Into a pleasing *Labarynth*. *Mel:* 'Twill be  
 Our wish to be lost in such Company.

## ACTVS IV. SCENA I.

*Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thelastria.*

*Rox:* Come, Sir, wee are resolved, it's both power  
 Of Ladies to effect it, to cure you of  
 Your sadnesse, you no longer shall afflict  
 Us and your selfe with melancholly. It does not  
 Show princely in you, thus to enthrall your selfe  
 To th' Memory of a *Woman*. We thought to finde you  
 A Warriour; One in whose stout brest so poore  
 So effeminate a thing as Love, or the  
 Losse of a Mistressse, would have past among  
 Those ordinary Cares, which are at once  
 Consider'd and forgotten. *Bars:* 'Tis for subjects  
 To affect Constancy, or melt and pine,  
 And breath themselves away ith' Contemplation  
 Of those they Love; Or to affect Lone walkes,  
 There raise an *Idoll* to themselves, And then  
 Fall downe and worship it. Y'have turn'd your *Campe*  
 Into a *Cloyster*, Sir. And are retir'd  
 Ith' mid'st of *Legions*. Nor can we imagine  
 We have your Company, when present with us,  
 Your thoughts are so away. *Arch:* Had you e're seene  
 The wondrous *object* that attracts them, or  
 Discern'd the secret *influences*, which  
 Passe from her soule to mine, and mingled there,  
 In one strict union, at this distance make us  
 So much each others as to have no power

Tuntwist

T'untwist our selves, or have the leisure to  
 Looke towards ought which weares not her faire shape  
 To me, or mine to her, you might as well  
 Condition with the passive *Iron* not  
 To turne to th' *Loadstone*; Or chide the *Needle* for  
 Moving towards the bright *pole*, as accuse me  
 For thinking on *Roxane*. I confesse,  
 Bright *Princeesses*, 'Tis Love that makes me rude;  
 And but I hope you have brought pardons with you,  
 And can forgive one robb'd of his free selfe,  
 Nor left to his owne Carriage; I should count  
 Those Houres which I have stolen from you, to pay  
 Devotion unto *Her*, a Sacriledge  
 Committed 'gainst your Beauties; Or a Theft,  
 Which doth take Worship from one *Goddesse* to  
 Consume it on *Another*. *Rox*. Wee'l allow  
*Roxane*, Sir, (For so I doe perceive  
 You call your *Princesse*) To be all that a *Prince*  
 In Love can fancy faire, or amiable;  
 (Yet I must tell you too, Love's a false glasse,  
 Which still shoves things much fairer then they are.)  
 Wee'l grant all your Descriptions true, that to  
 Her Fairenesse she hath Virtues, which doe adde  
 A Beauty to her Beauty, and render her  
 One, pure, through, rich *Gemme*, which entirely is  
 Nothing but *Worth* and *Luster*; yet if this *Gemme*  
 Be dropt into the Sea, or lost ith' vast  
*Chaos* of Waves, will you make warre with Nature,  
 Or force the *Ocean* to restore your *Jewell*  
 Made Irrecoverable? *Arch*. Doe you then looke  
 Upon my losse no otherwise? *Rox*: Not, when  
 I weigh her Brothers power; Th'uncertaine Chances  
 Of Warres like this; The many Subjects lives,  
 Which must be sacrific'd to her recovery.  
 The most you can expect if you prevaile,  
 Is that your *Nuptials* should be mixt with slaughters;  
 And that your *Marriage Tapers* should be kindl'd  
 From funerall piles; And so *Roxanes* Wedding,

Thus ravish't to and fro, like *Proserpines*,  
 It'h' under World, be kept 'mongst Ghosts and shades.

*Barf*: Besides, how are you sure your constancy  
 Is answer'd, Sir, with constancy? Our hearts  
 Are changeable; nor do I see why *Princes*  
 Should be lesse fraile then others, who confine  
 Affection to the sight, since *Love's a fire*  
 Which doth not onely languish, and goe out,  
 Where fuell is subtracted, But is kept burning  
 Onely it'h' presence of another *fire*.

*Arch*: He rather thinke nature can change her Course  
 Rivers run backwards from the Ocean,  
 Things heavy can fly up, and light fall downe;  
 Or that the Heavenly Orbes can vary, and  
 By shuffling of themselves, the higher with lower,  
 Loose their first Order, and in this confusion  
 Wheele round in Discord, as before in Musicke,  
 Then she can cease to Love me. *Roxane* is  
 To me a *Vestall*, and I one to her;  
 There's but one holy flame betweene us, which  
 Cannot expire but with our selves. *Rox*: But you'l  
 Allow there may, Sir, be degrees in Love;  
 And that a lesser fire ought to give way  
 In justice to a greater; And though not quench't,  
 Yeld it selfe swallowed by it. *Arch*: Madam, pray  
 Explaine your selfe. *Rox*: Say, then, *Archidamus*,  
 (For now I will be free) there should be those,  
 Who though they bring no bright Starres in their eyes,  
 Or such charms in their faces, as *Roxane*,  
 (Which to affect, were to take fire from lookes,  
 And love by th' sense, and outside, not by th' minde.)  
 Yet being of equall birth, of as great vertues,  
 Of greater Dowries, (For those I speake of  
 Do with a *Kingdome* bring their *Conquests* too)  
 But above all (for they dare strive here, and  
 Account themselves superiour) say they should bring  
 Greater Affection; And to shew they do,  
 No longer able to conceale their Flames,

Should

Should lay aside their Sex, and Act your part,  
And tell you that they love you ; Would such deserve  
A repulse from you? Or could you, Sir, to gaine  
The name and stile of Constant unto one,  
Be unjust to two? And not repay their flame  
With such another? *Arch:* There can be no such, Madam.

*Bar:* Without more Cloudes, say, Sir, we be those two?

*Arch:* You, Ladies? You are fit to conquer *Princes*;  
And t'have the *Gods* steale downe in varied shapes,  
To beget *Hero's* on you, and *halfe Gods* ;  
Not to betray such weake affections, as  
To sue to those who do adore you. Besides,  
You two admit no choice, where both are equall,  
Both *Twinnes* in their perfections, as in birth,  
Unlesse I could divide my selfe, and be  
*Two* to you *Two*. (for here is no election  
Of one without wrong to the other) And  
Could multiply my selfe into a number,  
How can I answer both? *Rox:* By choosing one.  
We are agreed betweene our selves ; she that's  
Refus'd, shall home, and weare the Crowne, the other  
Stay here and be your *Quene*. *Arch:* O Love! why as  
Thou dost weave knots, dost thou not teach a way  
How to untie them too? I do confesse  
My selfe lost in a sweet perplexity.

I'me now the *Prince*'fore whom three *Goddes*  
Strove for the *Golden Ball*, or which should be  
Preferr'd for Beauty. When I do consider  
Your severall shapes, I am snatch't severall wayes;  
And am at once three Lovers. If I therefore,  
Amidst such equall merits, can't make choice  
Of one before the other, 'Tis because  
I am not blinde. Where Objects are alike  
Faile, and distracting, He must want his eyes  
Who doth preferre. *Rox:* Wee'l give you this nights respite  
To thinke upon election. Meane time, Sir,  
There's a short Banquet waies you at our Tent.

*Arch:* You'l be the Musicke to it. *Orish:* Madam,

Now your *Play's* done, ours will begin; we doe  
Onely want stage room. *Barf.* Look y<sup>e</sup> u play your parts well.

*Thal:* As well as our *Hypocrisie & false faces*  
Will give us leave.

————— *Orithya*, what d'you thinke  
*Orth Prince's* Constancy? should he be tempted  
To leave *Roxane* for *Roxane*, and make  
Choyce of the Disguised for the true, 'twould prove  
A fine Ginne laid to prove men fraile, and subject  
To our Infirmities. *Orith.* I know not how  
This tedious *Scene* of Love hath wrought on him;  
But it to me was *Opium*, and raised slumber.  
A Gentle murmure did glide by my eares.  
Like the soft fall of Streames. A little more  
Of such slight, aëry stusse, had bound my senses  
Up in a perfect sleepe. *Thal.* I did observe  
The Onsets, & Replies too; Methought they ran  
In *Artops* & *Neanders* candid stile,  
When they doe court our *Women* in *Milke-verse*,  
Or tell them *Newes* or *Stories* in *Sonnet prose*.  
I should ne're be thus cruell to him I love,  
To show him shades instead of substance; 'Tis  
Methinks, embracing *Clouds*.

## SCÆNA. II.

To them *Menalippe*, *Marthesia*. Lights,  
and a Baquet follow.

*Men.* ——— Madam, your great Designe  
Goes rarely on. Your *Lords* are come, and are  
Disposing of their *Ambush*. *Orith:* And have you, *Menalippe*,  
Bespoke the false *Alarme* at the just houre?

*Men:* Clockes strike not dulier after *Quarters*, Madam,  
Then our she Drummer will observe her *Cue*, (well  
And make things dreadfull. *Thal:* *Marthesia*, stand you *Senti-*  
Against they come. *Mar.* Troth, Madam, 'tis to me  
A Comedy before hand to imagine

How

How they will beare th'affright. *Men.* Methinks I see 'em  
Rolling themselves up in their owne gold Lace,  
Like Urchines in their prickles; Or wishing to  
Exchange place with their swords, and caie themselves  
In their owne scabberds. *Mar.* Stand, who comes there?

*Thal.* There they are; Goe *Menalippe* bid the *Lords*  
With their stout *Squadron*, observe their *Entrances*.

*Exit Menal.*

SCENA III.

To them at doore first, afterwards enter'd *Call.* *Neand.* *Art.*

*Call.* You'l not exact the *Word* of us, I hope,  
My pretty *Perdue Virgin*; if you doe,  
Pray call your *Corporall*. *Neand.* We doe not come  
As *Spyes*; If you suspect, commit us to  
Your *Ladies*. *Art.* Or else keepe us prisoners in  
Your *Corpes* of *Guard*, till they release us. *Marth.* Now,  
I know y<sup>e</sup> are freinds, you may passe. I was set  
Here to attend your coming; To prevent  
Your danger of mistaking the right *Tent*.

(*Ladies,*

*Call.* We should have found that by *Instinct*. *Neand.* Bright  
We have made bold to use the *Liberty*  
You gave us; And try what campe houres you keepe.

*Art.* I hope w<sup>e</sup> are not unseasonable; we  
Came, *Ladies*, to keepe watch with you. *Orish.* The time  
Oth' night addes to our visit; Had you come  
By day, y<sup>e</sup> had brought but halfe your selves, and onely  
Made visit to our eyes; where all that could  
Have past, had beene to see, and to be seene.

*Art.* True, *Ladies*, whereas now you have us all;  
And other Senses may be pleased too; And  
Goe sharers with the sight. *Thal.* Besides, The *Day*  
Turnes all Things into *Chrystall*, Sir; Our *Tents*  
Had beene transparent, like their *Silkes*; And we  
Had not beene private in our *Closets*. *Neand.* Right;  
Whereas the *Night* turnes all Things into *Shade*;



And drawes *Jet* curtaines 'bout our pleasures; And  
Makes a faire Lady invisible in ones Armes.

*Orith*: Will you vouchsafe to sit and taste of this  
Slight Banquet, Gentlemen. *Call*: You make it *Three*.

*Thal*: You do not reckon us 'mongst *Marmalade*,  
*Quinces*, and *Apricots*? or take us for  
Ladies preserved? *Call*: No Ladies; yet I hope  
'Tis no offence to say y<sup>e</sup> are each of you

A various Banquet, where a breathing sweetnesse  
Feasts the Spectatours; And diverts all thought  
Of eating to beholding; And from beholding  
T'enjoying. *Neand*: All these do take value,  
Not from the Art, which joyn'd to nature, made 'em,  
But from you who bestow 'em. These *Cherries* do  
Take Colour from your Lippes; This *Amber* casts  
A perfume from your *Breath*; what ere's delightfull  
In them reflects from you. *Art*: And least there should

Be Musick wanting to this Banquet, when  
You speake, the *Sirens* sing. *Orith*: Y<sup>e</sup> have brought, we see,  
The art to flatter and dissemble with you.

*Thal*: I now begin to feare you. It can't be (dies?)  
You should thus faime and love us. *Neand*: Not love you, La-  
Why what signes would you have? What is required  
To Love which we would not performe? *Thal*: Would you  
Fight for us, if need were? *Orith*: Or enter duell  
In Defence of our Honour? *Neand*: Would we? By  
This hand, should you command, we would, our selves  
Alone, now venture on the *Thracian* Campe.

*Call*: Or presently send challenges to Nine  
Of their best *Captaines*, to fight Three to One.

*Art*: We will do more then fight; with your faire leaves,  
We will get *Fighters* on you. *Orith*: Is that your errand?

*Art*: That, and to helpe away the Solitude  
And tediousnesse oth<sup>r</sup> night. *Thal*: Well, since we do  
Believe you valiant, and worthy of our favours,  
How will you order things? Three to two Women  
Is one to much: *Orith*: One must stand out; unlessse  
You'll take the *Centinel* in for a Third.

To men of your indifferent purposes,  
It should be all one; she's of the right Sex.

Neand: We'll draw cuts who shall have her. What say you  
My pretty *Diomedoth* *Cawdles*, will you  
For one night lay aside your contemplations } *They draw*  
How to take Towne in *Marchpane*; or expresse } *Loss.*  
The Siege of *Thebes*, or Travells of *Uliſſes*

In *sweet meats*, And make one of us? *Mar*: I'll take  
My fortune Sir, *Neand*: *Artops*, She's yours; I did  
Praſage thy melting Hymnes, and *Siraines*, would end  
In a *Corne-Cuſter*. *Art*: She is not fifty Sir,

Nor I the fiftenth in ſucceſſion, to  
A *Flavia*, who brings manchet to the Campe;  
This is no *Sutlers wiſe*. *Thal*: Go wench prepare  
The Beds. *Orish*: But ſhould you, now, reveale, or rumour  
Your Entertainment. *Call*: Do you thinke us ill-bred Rascals?  
Fellowes that can't conceale? *Thal*: Or ſhould you tell  
How kind, how free you found us, how we uſed you— } *In A-*  
*Ne*. We'll rather cut our tongues out & live ſpeechles. } *larme*  
*Ori*: Hark, what meanes this? *Tha*: The Camp is up in } *within*  
(Armes

SCENA. IV.

To them *Menalippe*, and *Martheſia*, in ſhow frighted, Af-  
terwards *Theagines*, and *Meleager*, at one Doore;  
*Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix* at another; all diſguiſ'd.

*Men*: Fly, Madams fly, we are betrayed. *Mar*: The enemy  
Hath ſeiz'd upon the Works; taken the King;  
Burnt our *Queenes* Tent; ſaine all the *Captaines*; and is  
Now marching hither. *Orish*: Now ſhow your valours, And  
Helpe to defend thoſe whom you Love. *Call*: Alas, Ladies;  
You can fight for your ſelves. This is the fiſt  
Time we e're ſaw the *Field*. *Neand*: Alas what can  
Three doe againſt an *Army*? *Thal*: Will you not  
Then draw your weapons, But ſtand like worſted *Captaines*.  
In *Arras*? *Orish*: Will you let us and your ſelves  
Be taken and make no reſiſtance? or will you

Be

Be killed like people in their sleepe? *Neand.* 'Lasse, Ladies,  
What would you have us doe? we have beene borne  
And bred in peace, and were ne're us'd to fighting.

*Orith.* O more then *Women Cowards!* And will you dye  
*Clashing of Swords within.*

Like men oth' peace to? *Ar.* Hark, swords, swords; they come.

*Thal.* Why doe you quake? why doe you looke about yo.?  
Would you faine hide your selves? *Art.* Hark swords again.

*Orith.* If you will, There's an old *Drum* yonder, with  
One head, wee'l whelm it over you. *Art.* Thank you, Ladies.

*Thal.* Or packe you up in one oth' Waggon, with  
*A bare Hide* over you, where you may passe

For *Cheese*, or *Ammunition*. *Call.* 'Twill doe well.

*Men.* Or, Madam, what if we pull'd downe our *Tents*,

And wrapt them up ith' *Curtaines*? *Neand.* 'Twill do better.  
*Theag. within.* You Three take that way, we'l take this; slay all

*Enter The: Mel: Mac: Lac: Serp:*

That will not yeild. *Art.* Oh! here they come. *The* what's flying  
Taking wing? Seize these Captaines; And disarme 'em.

*Mel.* Ladies, we doe intend no warre against you.

Our Quarrels are with men. *Theag:* Doe they refuse?

*They disarme 'em.*

Show them Campe Law. *Call.* We doe not, Sir, there's Friend,

There is my Sword. *Neand.* And there is mine; pray use

Me like a Gentleman. *Serp* Come, Sir, you part

As slowly with your sword, as that with th' Scabberd.

*Macr.* Y'have no *Artillery* in your pocket, have you,  
That will o'take men at a Distance, and

Arrest 'em at *Fiftyscore*? *Nea.* Sure Friend there's all. (to men.

*The.* Next blind their eyes with their own scarfs. *Mac* Hold G<sup>d</sup>

Hold your heads faire; & shut your eyes, that we } *They*  
May clo'te 'em double. *Lac.* Stir not as you desire } *blind 'em.*  
To keene 'em in your Head, and not put out.

*Call.* We doe not, Sir. *Serp.* So; There's one Darknesse more  
Then that we caught you in. *Theag.* Now lead 'em bound

To th' other *Captives*; And attend the Councell

Of Warre with 'em in' morning. *Mac.* Come Gentlemen.

*Exeunt.*

SCÆNA

SCENA. V.

*Theagines, Melcager, Orithya, Thalastris,  
Menalippe, Marthesia.*

*Theag:* Ladies, you see we've kept our Words; The Hours  
Did fly with leaden Wings 'till we did earne  
The sweet Rewards y'have promised. *Mel:* Next unto  
The thought of this nights Raptures, which you will  
Inspire into our soules, we doe take pleasure  
To be thought worthy to be Actours in  
Your just revenge. *Orith:* My Lords, we looke on you  
As those we dare trust; such as understand  
What Ladies favours are, How merited;  
And withall, how to be concealed. Love hath  
His *Mysteries*, as well as *Shrines*, & *Temples*;  
To which a *Secrecy* is due; And th'are  
Profaned when publisht. *Thal:* Besides, you are our *Equals*;  
And though we cannot call you *Husbands*, yet  
To reape the fruit of *Husbands* from you, will be  
No stain, or blemish to us. But could you thinke us,  
So vulgar, so indiffernt, so hard driven,  
In making our *Elections*, to defile  
The *Honours* of our *Beds* with those who next  
Would finde us *Bodies*? *Orith:* Especially, with those  
Who'd make our *Nights* the Discourse of Their *Dayes*.  
And so they might gaine credit by our favours,  
Would prostitute our *Fames*; And when They did not  
Enjoy our persons, would call't new pleasures to  
Lye with our *Reputations*. *Thal:* What would These Three  
Parcell-guilt-silken-Gentlemen have said  
Had They posselt us, who so freely boasted  
The leave we gave them to make visits to us?  
As if to show good breeding were a Crime;  
Or to be Civill in a strange place. *Theag:* True Ladies;  
They said you were the most strange easy Things;  
So inclining to Mankinde, as if you had

A purpose to disperse Bills through the Campe,  
 To invite Men to your Lodgings; And would propose  
 Rewards to them who best performed. *Thal.* They said  
 You had two *Ladies* too, which did use painting;  
 And ne're wore their owne faces; But did vary  
*Shapes* every Morning; And goe forth of their Closets  
 Things of their owne Creation. *Orib.* They left it  
 Doubtfull too, and to be suspected, as if  
 Your Ladies loved Plurality; And that they  
 At Court did goe halfe Husbands with you. *Mel.* Well,  
 Halfe our Revenge is past; The other Halfe  
 We will contrive betwene your Melting Armes.  
*Orib.* You two sing us asleepe; And when y'have done,  
 Goe walke the Round; and see the Watch releived.

*Exeunt.*

The first Song, sung by Two Amazons.

(1)

*Time is a feather'd Thing;*  
*And whilst I praise*  
*The Sparklings of thy Lookes, and call them Rayes,*  
*Takes wing;*  
*Leaving behind him as He flies,*  
*An unperceiv'd Dimuesse in thine eyes.*  
*His Minutes whilst he is told,*  
*Doe make us old;*  
*And every Sand of his fleet Glasse,*  
*Increasing Age as it doth passe,*  
*Insensibly sower wrinkles there,*  
*Where Flowers and Roses doe appeare.*  
*Whilst we doe speake our fire*  
*Doth into Ice expire.*  
*Flames turne to Frost;*  
*And ere we can*  
*Know how our Crow turnes Swan,*  
*Or how a Silver Snow*

*Springs*

*The Amorous Warre*

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*Springs there where Jet did grow,  
Our fading Spring is in dull Winter lost.*

(2)

*Since, then, the Night hath hurl'd  
Darknesse, Loves shade,  
Over its Enemy the Day, and made  
The World,*

*Just such a blind and shapelesse Thing,  
As 'twas before Light did from Darknesse spring;*

*Let us employ its treasure,  
And make shade pleasure;  
Let's number out the Houres by Blisses,  
And count the Minutes by our Kisses;  
Let the Heavens new Motions feel;  
And by our Imbraces wheele.*

*And whilst we try the Way,  
By which Love doth convey  
Soule into Soule;*

*And mingling so,  
Makes them such Raptures know,  
As makes them entranced lye  
In mutuall Extasy;*

*Let the Harmonious Sphaeres in Musicks rowle.*

*Ex: Meni & Marth:*

SCENA. VI.

*Having changed Clothes to their Doublets,*

*Enter Callim, Neander, Artops.*

*Their eyes blinded with blacke patches; led by*

*Macrinus, Lacer, Serpin.*

*Macr: Come Gentlemen, Without Resistance now  
Disrobe your upper parts. What's wanting in  
Good Clothes, your patience must supply. Lac: Good Troth  
Your Doublets suite not with your Breeches; Rents*

H 2

To

To Rents, And Ragges to Ragges is fashionable.  
 But as y<sup>e</sup> are now you looke like Men of *Gold*  
 Creeping forth of your *Oare*; And are the *Emblems*  
 Of that *State* which does know no middle Subjects,  
 But is compos'd wholly of *Lords* and *Beggars*.

*Call*: Well, Sir, Necessity which made you feed <sup>They change</sup>  
 The Numerous *Thracians*, which now feed on me <sup>Doublets</sup>,  
 In these your *Breeches*, And draw blood, which is  
 Against *Campa Law*, does here perswade me to  
 Resigne my *Doublet*; pray shake yours, Sir. *Neand*: There,  
 My Freind, who e're you are, There is whole plunder.  
 Pray, if you can, spare me a *Doublet* which  
 Hath *Linings* in't, and no *Glasse Windows*. For, if  
 My feeling doe not faile me with my fight,  
 Your *Nether Garment* is halfe *Net*, halfe *Breeches*;  
 And Statutably will catch *Greater Fish*,  
 And let *small* passe, as well as cloth. *Lac*: Troth, Sir,  
 You shall e'en have 'em as I wore 'em, fellows;  
 They were New once; It was not in my power  
 To keepe them at a stand, by Miracle.

*Time* which devour'd his *Children*, will eate *Holes*, Sir.

*Art*: Stay, stay, stay, stay Freind: Sure you must release  
 My eyes, to see to put your *Vesture* on right.

*Serp*: I warrant you, Sir. *Art*: So; There is one Arme  
 Past through a *Labyrinth*: I doe expect

The Other should be lost by th' way. This *Jerkin*  
 Is wholly made of *Doores*; And had need have  
 A *Thread* belong to it. *Serp*: Now 'tis on, Sir. *Art*: Thank you.  
 Y<sup>e</sup> are sure y<sup>e</sup> have not mistaken? *Serp*: Now d'you meane?

*Art*: I meane your *Breeches* for your *Doublets*; As being  
 Indifferent in their use; which should be worne  
 Above, and which below? *Serp*: All's right, Beleive it, Sir.

*Mac*: Next, Gentlemen; you must once more submit  
 Your Armes to these *Hempe prisons*. No striving; You  
 Know where you are. *Call*: Sir, we are tame; y<sup>e</sup> have made us  
 So by the Imprisonment of our Legges already. <sup>They prison</sup>  
 But if our *Elooves* doe breake prison, pray <sup>them</sup>  
 Impute it to the loosenesse of your buildings.

*Lac*:



*Lac:* So; Now y<sup>e</sup>re All Compleate; you look<sup>t</sup> before  
Like *Him* who first invented *Coaches*, to hide  
His double Making; Who was downwards *Serpent*,  
Upwards a well shap<sup>t</sup> *Man*. *Serp.* Good troth, Me thought,  
Your *Nether parts* lookt as They would petition  
Your *Upper* for an *Almes*; Or else, as if  
You had *'bove Girdle* beene the *Founders*, and  
*Below*, the *Hospitall*. *Call:* Well, Freinds, you may  
Laugh at our Miseries, and raise sport from  
Your torne *Exchanges*. But is this noble usage  
Of *Souldiers* unto *Souldiers*, thus to strippe us?

*Mac:* When we take *sheepe* with golden *Fleeces*, 'Tis  
Our Custom to returne *Wool* for their *Plate*.

*Lac:* We doe not strippe you, but change *Cases*: *Clothes*  
For *Clothes* was still held honourable. *Neand:* And now,  
In troth, most Worthy Captaines, (For we have  
Created you) what's your Intent? what will you  
Doe with us thus reduced to *Totters*? *Mac:* That  
Is as the *Councell* shall determine. Perhaps,  
Employ you in our *Workes* to digge: And there  
Worke out your *Ransomes*, 'till the *Warre* be ended,  
As *pioners*. *Neand:* Must we rowle *Whee*-barrowes?  
Or manage *Spades*, and *Mattocks* then? And earne  
Our bread and water with the *Picke-Axe*? *Serp:* Perhaps,  
We shall obtaine you outright for our *Slaves*.  
Then having mark<sup>t</sup> you, to be knowne our *Bond-men*,  
We will transport you home to *Thrace*, and there  
Make sale of you in some publique *Market*: you'l  
Be vendible *Commodities*. Perhaps,  
Some who have Gore of *Wives* will buy you to  
Make *Eunuches* of, and geld you. *Mac:* Or perhaps  
Some Ancient *Widdowes*, long past bearing, will  
Buy you for their owne private use. *Lac:* Or else,  
Perhaps, to make short worke, The *Councell* will  
Condemne you to the *Gallies*, There to row  
Your *Dayes* out gainst the *Persian*; or fetch *Corne*  
Monthly from *Egypt*: *Sugar* from *Creet*: or *Spunges*  
From *Samos*. *Art:* And our *Wages* be to feele

The scourge about our shoulders if the Winde  
Sit opposite, & we can't row. *Las*: There must  
Be such corrections, to quicken Diligence.

*Call*. Pray as y<sup>e</sup> are noble, and know how to pity  
Humane Misfortunes, let us aske one Question.

*Mac*: As many as you please. *Call*. If by Starre-light  
You can discern so farre, How farre are we  
From a Tall *Oake*, which may be clymb'd by such  
*Ioyes* as we? Or a straight *Elme*, which may  
Support th' Imbraces of such *Vines*? *Mac*: Why aske you?

*Call*: Because if any such kinde naturall plant  
Be neare, we would intreat you not t<sup>o</sup> omit  
The Opportunity; But to prevent  
Our Greater by lesse sufferings, would imploy  
Those Cords which binde our Armes, about our Necks,  
And hang us up by *Mooneshine*. *Mac*: Alas, such favours  
Are not in our powers. If it be your fate  
So to be sentenc'd, we will doe you all

The freindly Offices we can. *Call*: We thanke you.

*Las*: Meane time, perhaps, to you 'tis Midnight, Gentlemen;  
No Sunne appeares to you: But to us Day breakes.  
We will conduct you to the place where you  
Shall know your Doomes. Pray follow leisuredly,  
And doe not stumble. *Neand*: If't be our Destiny  
To dye by th'*string*, the comfort is w<sup>a</sup>re *Three*.

#### ACTVS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter *Theagines* and *Melaege* buttoning themselves. After  
a while followed by *Orishya* and *Thalastriu*.

*Theag*: In my opinion, my Lord, these are  
The strangest *Amazons* that ever left  
Their *female* Countrey for the use of Men. (mine,  
How did you finde yours? Mine had *Breasts*. *Mel*. Troth  
I thinke hat. scap't the rasour too; I had  
No leisure to examine parts. I found  
No defects in her; But methought she was

To me a whole and perfect *Woman*; I'me sure  
She found me an entire and perfect *Man*.

*Theag*: There's a strange sweetnesse in them; how they melt  
Betweene ones Armes, and call one Husband? *Mel*: I  
Thought mine would have fullfil'd the *Fable*, where  
The *Nymph* dissolv'd into a *Fountain*. *Theag*: But  
How will our *Ladies* brooke this if they know it?

*Mel*: How? Thanke us for being Civill unto *Ladies*.  
Would they be willing these should report us *Clownes*?  
O: Men void of *Humanity*, at their  
Returne home to their Countrey. *Theag*: 'Tis true; had we  
Dismiss'd them as they came, both to our shame,  
And shame of our posterity, they might

Record us Impotent in *Chronicles*,  
Or say they were receiv'd *Women by Women*. *Enter O-*  
*Mel*: Here they come. *Ladies*, you appeare to us *Irish*. *Thal*:  
Like Two *Sunne risings* breaking from your *Curtaines*.

*Theag*: The *Day* 'till now was not begun; you make  
The *Morning*, which enables us to see  
Those Beauties by their owne light, which did turne  
The Darkenesse of the Night into such pleasure,  
As happy Lovers doe enjoy below,  
In their *Elysian* Feilds. *Orish*: Fye, fye, my Lords,  
Is this your recompence to mocke us for  
Having bad faces? *Thal*: 'Cause Nature play'd the Stepdame,  
And made us not of the same Orient matter  
Of which she fram'd your *Ladies*; Must you adde  
Your flouts to her hard Workmanship? *Theag*: 'Fore Heaven  
I could for ever gaze on your faire eyes.

'Tis Heaven, where e're I may behold your faces;  
Y'are wholly made of charme. *Mel*: You are two *Circes*,  
Two amiable *Conjurors*; Once gotten  
Into your *Circle*, there's no getting out:  
A Thousand *Graces* play upon your lips,  
And every Kisse is a new *Siren*, which  
Invites us to take more, and there to fix,  
Till they grow Infinite. *Theag*: Then for your beds,  
They are two *Phanix Nests* which breath perfumes;

You

You rose from us, to Day, as *Spice* from *Altars*,  
 Two perfect *Sacrifices* *Orish*. Well, since you will  
 Needs put great value on slight favours, we  
 Shall know how you esteeme us by your visits  
 In this kinde often. *Thal*. Next, That you may perceive  
 What Confidence we dare put in you; And  
 How ill it would become us to admit  
 You to our *Beds*, and shut you from our *Counsels*;  
 Know that this Day, if you doe not prevent it,  
 Your *Campe* will be betray'd to th'E:emy.

*Theag*. How Ladies? 'Tis not possible; pray who  
 Should be the *Traitors*? *Orish*. Our *Prinseffe*, and her *Sister*.  
 You stand amazed now. *Theag*. Troth it stirs my wonder,  
 Treason should lodge in such fair Lookes. *Thal*. These Lookes  
 Are, Sir, the Cause, and Ground of what we tell you.  
 Your King ignobly did refuse them, when  
 They fell below Themselves, and wooed Him. *Orish*, Which  
 Being knowne to th' *Prince* of *Thrace*, he joining Love  
 To their Revenge, hath frequently stolne hither  
 In a Disguise, and courted, & prevailed.  
 This Morning is appointed as the last  
 Time of their Interviwes, before the Nuptials.

*Thal*. 'Tis too concluded, Sir, He shall restore  
 Your *Prinseffe*, (For He sayes, To force Affection,  
 Were to wedde halfe a *Queene*, and match her *Body*  
 Without her *Soule*; Nor can the Marriage be  
 Perfect where *Mindes* joine not as well as *hands*,  
 And have their Knot too) And in her stead shall  
 Make choice of one of ours. *Orish*. Then for  
*Roxane*, Hee'l transport her backe, as scorning  
 To match there where Himselfe hath beene refused.  
 And for the Carriage of all this, 'Tis Order'd  
 That when the Battles joine, we, on the Word,  
 And Signe given, shall revolt, and turne to that side.

*Mel*. You have made great Discoveries, *Theag*. Who is this?

*Eurymedon* passeth by.

*Orish*. Now trust your owne eyes; That's *Eurymedon*,  
 Going to our *Queenes Tent*. Make what wise use

Of this you please. And say you have not lost  
 By th' Company of Ladies. *Theag.* We looke upon you  
 As the preservers of our Countrey. *Mel.* We } *Ent. Menalippe*  
 Will erect Sacred Statues to you, as } & *Marthesia.*  
 To th' *Tutelar Deities* that saved us. *Men.* Madam,  
 Here is the second part oth' *Comedy.*  
 The *Souldiers* are come with their prisoners:  
 The strangest spectacle—*Orith.* Why, what's the Matter?  
*Mar.* Unlesse it were the *Farse*, where the *Decays*  
 Of *Time* are acted, I never saw three men  
 So made of Raggies. The *Souldiers* have changed Clothes,  
 And plunder'd 'em. *Thal.* Go bid 'em enter. *Mel.* Come Ladies  
 Wee'l make two in your *Councell*, And then to th' King.

SCENA II.

To them *Callias*, *Neander*, *Artops*: (Led by  
*Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix*.)

*Macr.* Come Gentlemen, now stand in Ranke, and keepe  
 Due Distance from the *Lords*; Lest there passe from you  
 A creeping Entercourse, which may disturbe  
 The sitting of the *Court*. *Theag.* Are these the *Captaines*  
 You tooke last Night? *Mac.* These are the Three *Commanders*  
 An't please your *Lordships*; who have since chang'd *Shapes*  
 With us their *Conquerours*. *Mel.* Indeed They looke  
 As if They lately had beene in a *Fight*;  
 Their *Garments* doe want *Surgeons*. What's your name?  
*Cal.* *Callias*. *Me.* What's yours? *Ne.* *Neander*. *Me.* What's yours?  
*Theag.* I do remember you; you were imploy'd ( *Art.* *Artops*.)  
 In our late *Civill Warres*, by the factious Members  
 Of our *Synedrion*, when they arm'd their *slaves*,  
 And made their *Bondmen* *Curiassiers* against  
 Th' *Equestrall Order*; And did enact it lawfull  
 Ith' *Kings* Name to take Armes against Him; And  
 Out of Obedience to Him to rebell.  
 And 'mongst their other Wilde and furious *Voies*,  
 Decreed it lawfull, for the Good oth' Subject,

To rife their *Eftates*; ſlaughter their *perſons*;  
Raviſh their *Wives*, and to deſpoyle their *Daughters*.

*Mel.* Are theſe the Three, who help to make war 'gainſt  
Our *Gods*? And to reforme their *Temples*, did  
Deface their *Altars*? And called it ſacrifice  
To robbe Them of their *Incenſe*, And pull downe  
Their *Images*? And did erect ſtrange *Prieſts*,  
Taken from *Anles* and *Anvills*, to deliver  
False *Oracles* unto the people? *Theag.* Theſe  
Sir, are the Three. *Mel.* Apply the Racke to them,  
To force true Answers from them to our Questions.  
*Call.* Pray hold, pray hold, Friends. Alas, My Lords, we are not  
The men you meane. We ne're ſaw *Warres* before,  
*Civill*, or *Forraigne*; Nor ever were beyond  
Our owne Coaſts yet. *Neand.* N'r do we underſtand  
What your *Synedrion* is, unleſſe it be  
Your *Mayor* and *Senate* of *Bizantium*.

Who, as we heare, once in an age runne madde;  
And then talke Idly, of nought but *Liberty*;  
Changing of *Governments*; The fatall periods  
Of *States* and *Kingdomes*; How They may coine new *Gods*,  
And new *Religions*. *Art.* They may vote twice two *Thirty*;  
Or their owne *Scarlet's* gray; Or *Thracians*, *Scythians*;  
Or that They not rebell againſt your *King*,  
When in a popular fury They caſt off

The yoke of Subjects, For any aide They c're (ſelves  
Received from us. *Theag.* Well, ſince y'have cleared your  
Of that great Doubt; Reſolve us then, what makes  
The *Queene* of *Amazons* among you? *Call.* What made  
Her *Grandmother* in *Alexanders* Army?  
She comes to ſhow Her ſelfe her *Neece*, To fight,  
And to have *Amazons* begot upon her.

*Neand.* Had theſe not interrupted us, we ſhould  
By this have knowne whither her *Ladies* came  
For the ſame buſineſſe. *Mel.* That Sir is preſum'd;  
Subjects are bound to imitate their *Princes*.

*Theag.* Next, what are your Deſignes? we heare you mean  
This Day to give us Battle. *Call.* For our Deſignes,

Some



Some say you have tame *pidgeons*, taught to fly  
 With *Newes* and *Letters*, betwixt *Campe* and *Campe*;  
 Whereby our *Counsels* are no sooner hatcht,  
 But They take Wing to you. Neand. Others affirme,  
 You have your *Multipling Instruments*,  
 Which take our *Truthtes* at one end, and, like *Glasses*,  
 Show Them in various *shapes* to th' people; And  
 Returne your *Monsters* to us at the Other,  
 In *shapes* more various and prodigious,  
 To fright us, as the *Barbarous* did of old,  
 With *Elephants*, and *Castles* in the Aire;  
 And such like Expeditions; which once knowne,  
 Looke bigge, and are despised. *Art.* Then for the battle,  
 This is the Day for our New *Legions*  
 To be brought in; which when They come; Our *King*  
 Intends to stake his *Kingdome* gainst your *Princesse*:  
 The *Conquerour* take both. *Mel.* This is a playnesse,  
 Which does show generous in you. Lastly, therefore  
 As you'l avoide the Tortures of the *Wheele*,  
 Or *Racke*, in Questions of this moment; Tell us,  
 What *Officers* have you that may be bought,  
 To let us have good penny-worths, if we  
 Should have occasion to joine Art to Armes,  
 And chaffer for a *Castle*, *Fort*, or *Towne*,  
 Or a *Defeat*, or so? How's your *Prince* guarded?  
*Call.* As a *Prince* should be, by *Gentlemen*; whose *Lives*  
 Are cheaper to them then their *Honours*; And  
 More cheaply to be purchast from Them. Men  
 Who'd looke on Tempters, as New Enemies;  
 And think't New Justice added to their Cause,  
 To fight 'gainst those who would corrupt 'em, Breifly,  
 Tl'are Men who doe propose onely these two  
 Brave Ends unto Themselves, to dye, and to  
 Be Loyall to their Prince; About whose person  
 Their *Valours* make one *Guard*, their *Loves* another.  
*Art.* Some under *Officers* perhaps there may be,  
 Whose Trade & Occupation 'tis to Kill,  
 And to grow rich by *Slaughters*; Vile *Market Spirits*,



Who doe not fight for *Fame*, or *Cause*. but thinke  
 That side is most it<sup>h</sup> Right which gives most *pay*,  
 And these Warres justest where there is most *plunder*:  
 Whom you may buy o're to your side, and we  
 Upon a New Sale, may buy backe againe.  
 You I beleive have some in your Campe too,  
 Who are like *Victory*; Hover a while  
 With doubtfull Wings betweene both Armies, and  
 At last forsake the weakest. *Theag*: Since y<sup>e</sup> have made  
 A free Confession, wee'l now proceed unto  
 As free a Censure of you. My Lords, pronounce  
 Each in your order. *Orith*. My sentence is, that since  
 They were caught in a Ladies Tent, at Houres  
 When all good Souldiers should be on their Watches;  
 And since They were surprized, and no swords drawne:  
 (Which renders them incapable of a  
 More Manly punishment) They be attir'd  
 In *Womens Clothes*, and so led through the *Campe*  
 In triumph, then left to their *Ransomes*. *Thal*. I  
 Concurre with you; But doe adde farther, that  
 In stead of *Ransome*, in that Dresse They be  
 Returned to be Another show of *scorne*  
 To their owne Army. *Theag*. What say you two? *Men*. We  
 Doe both agree in one breite *Vote*; which is,  
 That since we heare they boast of *Ladies favours*,  
 To which a gratefull speechlesnesse is due,  
 That first They have their Tongues cut out, and so  
 Made *Mutes*; Next, that they be gelt, and made *Enunches*;  
 And thus disabled from all what concerns  
 The Company of *Women*, but to keepe 'em;  
 That they be sold to th' *Persian*; who'l imploy 'em  
 With these Capacities in their *Seraglio's*.

*Serp*. You see we told you true. *Call*. Pray, pray my Lords,  
 Reverse this cruell sentence. Rather let us  
 Be drest like *Women*, then be made no *Men*.

*Neand*. Rather cut off our *Heads*, then *Tongues*; and make us  
*Mutes* that way. *Mel*. To which of us doe you speake?

*Neand*: To the *Lords* with the *treble voyces*. *Mel*. Well,  
 Though

Though we might shew our rights of *Conquest* on you,  
And yet proceed to harder *Doomes*; since *victours*  
Cannot be cruell, where the worst is lawfull ;  
Yet if you'll sweare never hereafter to

Beare Armes against us, with your eyes we will  
Restore you to your *Liberty*. *Art*: Let's sweare;

'Twill be a fine excuse to keepe's from fighting. (all

*Call*: We sweare. *Mel*: By our *Gods* or your own? *Call*: By  
Our *Country Gods* we'll neare beare armes against you. (me

*Mel*: You take the same oath? *Nean*: Yes. *Art*: If you'll have  
I'll sweare by all your *Gods* too, you shall never

Take me in armes against you. *The*. Perhaps you will *They un-*  
Outrun your followers. Now unbinde 'em; next *bind 'em.*

*They unbinde 'em.*  
Give 'em their sight. *Orish*. Ha, ha, ha, Looke how meckely,

And peaceably they looke? *Thal*: what a *Tranquillity*,  
And harmelesse *Calme* is in their *Countenances*?

*Men*. How *undisturb'd* they beate this? How *serenely*?  
As if they were at Truce with all the world.

*Mar* who would not be a *Coward*, to be endu'd  
with such a guift of *Patience*? *Theag*: Gentlemen,  
Having so amply testified your valors  
To us, and these faire Ladies, We'll report  
Your *Chieualry* to th'King. Meane time we leave you  
To you Rout *Resolutions*, and *Chronicle*,  
To be set forth in *Epicke Meeter* on you.

*Mel*: Farewell brave *Champions*; Take heed your examples  
Do not infect your *Companions*. *Orish*. Pray, when  
You have spare houres, and are return'd unto  
Your Courages, let us once more partake  
Of your defences at our *Tent*. *Thal*: And as  
You finde us free, and yeilding, pray for our  
Sakes, and your own, conceale your Entertainment.

*Exeunt.*

(dangers  
*Men*. Pray keep your selves whole men. *Mar*: And safe from

*Mac*: Capitaines we have our pay a month before hand.  
We'll take leave too, and returne to our postures.

*Call*: Pray stay, pray stay; Is not your name *Macrinus*?

*Mac*: Yes Sir. *Nean*: Yours *Lacero* I take it? *Lac*: True Sir.

*Call.* And you are *Lanthesado Serpiz*? *Serp.* Sir,  
I should deny my selfe else. *Neand.* And 'tis thought  
These are your *Breeches*? *Lac.* We confesse it; And  
These yours, and *Doubles*. *Mac.* Troth we know you scorne  
To weare 'em after us; or to put on  
Clothes which you once cast off. *Serp.* Adiew sweet Captains;  
We will report your Bounty to the Campe.

*Lacer.* And show how you have gilded us, and made us  
Three Compleate *Gentlemen* of your *Companies*.

*Exeunt.*

### SCÆNA III.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* *Neander*? *Neand.* *Hum.* *Call.* Was this a *Dream*, & did  
All these appeare to us in our *sleep*? or wast  
A *reall vision*? *Neand.* Why doe you aske?

*Call.* Because, if it were *reall*, I expect  
That passages so fit for *History*,  
Shall not scape *Mercuries* or *Scout Gazetes*;  
But shortly be recorded with the *Deedes*  
Of *Democraticke John*, or the *Red-no's'd Burgeffe*,  
Who enact's *Ordinances* in *Sacke*; Or with  
The *Life* and *Death* of *preaching Nol*, and *Rowland*.

*Neand.* If we scape *rascall poetry* I care not.  
All my feare is, lest He who carved the *Embleme*  
Of the *Oxe* with foure *Hornes*, spitting fire, like one  
O'h' *Bulls* which *Jason* conquer'd, should cut us  
With *Wings*, in most vile libell figure, flying,  
Like *Owles* by *Twilight*, and moultring these our feathers,  
Before two *she Kites*, following us with *Quivers*.

*Call.* True; And then *Pistoolerus*, who lives by  
His yearely *Gifts* in *scraping verse*, and *pictures*,  
T'expound this to the *Multitude* in *Ballad*,  
Sung to the direfull Tune of *Orpheus* torne  
By *Oyster Wives*. *Neand.* *Artops*, Suppose this should  
Arrive to th' *Knowledge* of your browne *Lycoris*.

*Itb'*

Ich' Suburbs? *Art.* Pray don't trouble me, I'm in  
A serious Contemplation. *Neand.* What is't? *Art.* Why,  
If you'l needs know, 'Tis whither it be not fit  
(To prove our selves no Cowards, and to show  
How much we can slight Death in any shape)  
That we should call our *Regiments* together;  
Erect a handsome *Traverse*; Then desire  
The Company They'd joine with us in one  
Of *Homers Odes*, and after a short Confession;  
Turne our selves off in Packthread. *Call:* Come, we must  
Doe something to redeeme our Credits: The Boyes  
Will else tye Squibbes behinde us, as we passe,  
And make us walke the Streets in *Fireworks*.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA. IV.

*Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene.*

*Eurym.* Madam, you put too great names on my Visits,  
To stile them meritorious Dangers. 'Tis  
So little I have done, thus to adventure  
To your faire presence, secur'd onely by  
The weake vaile and cloud which I weare about me,  
That this but rankes me yet 'mongst vulgar Lovers;  
Who would doe much more for one fading *Kisse*,  
Which dies in the fruition, and perishes  
Whilest 'tis received, from her they love. *Bars.* But Sir,  
So often to descend from your great Selfe,  
Where once had beene enough to gaine a *Princess*;  
And to submit your selfe to this darke shade,  
Which might betray you, and at best conceales you  
But as *Eclipses* doe conceale the *Sun*;  
Which when They hide, doe robbe him too, and take  
His bright rayes from him; And all this to enjoy  
The fraile Sight of a *Woman*, who returnes  
You nought but Taske for Visits, and whose presence  
Might it securely be possist, and you.

Not

Not venture a *Captivity* as often  
 As you passe to and fro. at mozt can make  
 But this poore, short requitall, To be teene  
 Such as She is, one onely rich in promises,  
 Where She wants Treasures more Substantiall;  
 And those performed to much below the Receiver,  
 So apt to breed Repentance, as to deserve  
 Onely to passe 'mongst the Injuries of *Love*,  
 Is such a Noblenesse, which first esteemes  
 And values Meane Things, whose Worth is *Opinion*,  
 And then findes Arguments to prize them, and  
 T'account them amiable: y<sup>e</sup> have added This  
 To my Releasement when I was your prisoner,  
 Still to proceed in the same generous error;  
 Still to beleive me worthy to be loved,  
 As then to be surprized, and to be told so.

*Enrym.* You are the first, Most Gracious *Barsene*,  
 Who robbed Her selfe to make Another rich;  
 Or stript her selfe of her owne praises to  
 Adorne Anothers Wants, and then looke on him  
 As a Thing Worthy to be valued, The *Gods*  
 When They returne a large and plenteous *vintage*  
 For a few Drops of *Wine* pour'd on their *Altars*:  
 Or doe repaya *Graine* or Two consumed  
 In *Sacrifice*, with a whole feild of *Incense*;  
 Or when They doe requite a *pilgrimage*  
 Made to their *Shrines*, with Answers which doe promise  
 More then the *Supplicant* or askes, or hopes for,  
 Are not more Bounteous, more free and liberall,  
 Then you; who thus doe glorifie what You  
 In Justice might detpise; And call your owne  
 Perfections, which attra<sup>t</sup> me to your presence,  
 Desert in me; Or thinke I merit, when  
 You make me happy. Nor can I count my visits  
 Among my Dangers, which are so much sweetned  
 By your Allowance of Them. If they be Dangers,  
 'Tis a felicity I cover to  
 Be alwayes neare my *Thraldome*. To be taken

Coming

Coming or Going, and held Captive, Will  
 Be such a suffering as will endear it selfe;  
 And be one of my pleasures, when I thinke  
 For whose sake I'me a *Bondman*. *Bar:* But, Great Sir,  
 What can you see in me, besides a Minde  
 Willing to understand it selfe beloved,  
 And to returne Affection for Affection,  
 Which should expose you to these perils; And  
 Make't an *Adventure* every time you see me;  
 And your returne backe an *Escape*? *Eur:* I see  
 A forme more beautifull, more attracting, then  
 All those for which the King of Gods left *Heaven*.  
 And which t'enjoy, he rather chose to be  
 Transformed into a *Flame*, or spangled *showre*,  
 Then to remaine the Thunderer; And thought it  
 A happier shape to be a *Swanne*, then to  
 Be clothed with his owne *Lightning*. Should you set me  
 The taskes of *Hercules*, or bid me turne  
 Fable into story, and make his *Labours* mine;  
 Or should enjoyne me fights where th'enemy  
 Growes numerous from my Conquests. And multiplies  
 From every wound I give him; And having finisht  
 One *Labour*, should you straight prescribe another;  
 And make me so divide my life betweene  
 My *Love* and *Conflicts*; Such a reward as you,  
 Would be a greater recompence, then to  
 Be placed among the *Starres*, and there to shine  
 A *Constellation*, wreath'd about with my  
 Owne Victories; and glittering with the spoiles  
 I tooke from *Egypt*. *Rox:* Well, Sir, *Barsens* hath  
 Receiv'd so true, so full a Testimony  
 Both of your Love, and fortitude, that now  
 Nothing is wanting to put both you and us  
 In full possession of our wishes, but  
 The opportunity to reveale our selves  
 After the noblest manner. *Bar:* Your Taske is onely  
 To set your Army in Array, to joine  
 Battle with ours, that, from this shew of Warre,

We may at our Returne unto our selves,  
 The better raise a peace: And make an *Olive*  
 Spring from our *Mirtles*. Meane time I am your *Conquest*.  
*Enr.* And I, who tame a *Prince*, returne your *Captive*.

*Exeunt.*

SCÆNA V.

*Archidamus, Lyncestes, Polydamas, Theagines,  
 Meleager.*

*Archid.* My Lords, *Lyncestes* and *Polydamas*,  
 You Two stoppe all the passages by which  
 The *Prince of Thrace* is to returne; That done,  
 Put the new *forces* you have brought in posture,  
 And fit *Array*, if need be; to suppress  
 All *Campe Commotions*. We are not safe 'mongst *Women*.

*Lync.* It shall be done. *Arch.* And let th'old *Forces* be  
 In Readinesse, if th' *Adverse Army* doe  
 Invite us to joyne *Battle*; to entertaine it,  
 And meet them in the *Feild*: *Polyd.* It shall be Order'd.

*Arch.* But is it credible *Eurymedon*  
 Should have the Confidence to trust Himselfe  
 To a thinne weake *Disguise*, and in a *Cloud*  
 So open and transparent, should passe through  
 My *Campe*, on such a treacherous Enterprize?

*Theag.* He's now Sir at the *Queenes Tent*, where they hold  
 A secret Consultation. *Mel.* We saw him enter  
 Just at the Instant when two of her *Ladies*,  
 The O & *Lieutenant-General* of the Army,  
 The Other *Lady* *Marshall* of the *Feild*,  
 Were telling us the plot. *Arch.* That 'tis concluded,  
*Roxane* shall be carried backe to *Thrace*,  
*Barsene* be restored (perhaps deflower'd)  
 And He to choose *Hippolyta*, or her *Sister*,  
 Instead of Mine to be his *Queen*? *Theag.* Yes, Sir,  
 They are indifferent, and are resolved,  
 Since you refused 'em, to wedde by *Lottery*.



Of which refusal they are so sensible,  
That when both armies joine, 'tis too contriv'd,  
(Which I do wonder they should, yet, discover)  
The *Amazons*, upon the signe given, shall  
Turne to the other side; And sacrifice  
Your overthrow to their Revenge; Or what's  
More to be feared, your *Kingdome* to their *Nuptials*.

*Mol:* *Antiope*, the sister, wants a portion;  
And if she bring your *Crowne*, and *Scepter* with her;  
Or, if t'enlarge her *Husbands Territories*,  
She adde yours to 'em, the Match will be more Princely,  
And she appeare so much the more her selfe, Sir,  
If she can raise a Dowry from your Conquest.

*Arch:* Oh the deceitfullnesse of Women! whose  
Affection's like the Rainbow, can shew painted,  
And Court us with a thousand Beauteous Colours,  
Yet all this onely serve to guild a *Storme*;  
And make a *Tempest* looke more flattering.  
We must use Plot against Plot. To seize upon  
The *Ladies* were dishonourable; And  
To take these *Captive* who are now our *Guests*,  
(Though they deserve it, having forfeited  
The *Saile* of *Friends* they brought, for *Enemies*)  
Would be our blot in History. You two, therefore,  
Seize on the *Prince* at his returne, His Ransome  
Shall be the Restitution of our *Ladies*.

A Battle beaten within. Enter *Macrinus*. (*Campes*  
Hark, what means this? *Macr.* Arme, arme your selves; Both  
Are joined; And th' *Amazons* have put themselves  
In Armes against us, 'Tis rumor'd through the Field,  
To charge us in the *Rear*, The *Thracians*  
In *Front*: and so t'encircle us in a  
*Parenthesis* of *Enemies*, compos'd  
Of *Men* before us, and *Women*, Sir, Behinde.

*Arch:* We'l to the field straight. O false Sex! The Winde  
May be made constant, but not *Womankind*.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENA VI.

*After a Battle beaten within, enter at one doore, in fighting postures, Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager.  
At the other Eurymedon, Clytus, Hippocles.*

*Arch:* I'me glad I have met you out of *Cloudes*, in your Owne *Shape*, and like your selfe. Y have 'hitherto Obscur'd your selfe, in *Mistes*, of your owne raising To play the Theete in, since you landed false *Prince!* Was't not enough you did pursue my *Queen* With your unnecessary expedition; And when our *Nuptiall Torch* was placed, and kindled Upon the *Altar*. must then quench it, And Like those who do robbe *Temples* (For to take her Thus from me was plainē *Sacriledge*) must snatch her Then backe againe, just when the *sacred Cake* Was breaking 'twixt the *Flamens* hands, And all The *Gods of Weddings*; in their *Saffron Robes*, But as part of your pyracie, and stealth; (If yet the treacherous surprize of a Weake Company of *Ladies* do deserve A name not yet more Infamous) must joine My *sister*, and the beauteous part of my Whole *Court*, and *Kingdome* in the *Rape?* As if You meant t'erect a new *Seraglio*, or Tenlarge your old; And take them prisoners first, Then use them 'mongst your other *prostitutes?*

*Eurym:* Is this all? *Arch:* There is one thing more. To shew Your power upon that *Sex*, (which you, I see, Have Riv'd by all wayes to make yours, And, where By force you could not, have conquer'd by *Petition*) Was't not enough you did begin the Warre In the surprize of *Ladies*, but that since You must continue it by *Stratagem*, More treacherous then the first? And in your false And borrowed *Shapes*, (In which you nightly have

Appeared

Appeared to the *Queene of Amazons*) must tempt  
 Her, and her Ladies from their pure Affections,  
 Which made them first resolve, wonne by the Justice,  
 And Goodnesse of my Cause, to fight for me,  
 Untill seduc'd they grew *Conspirators*,  
 And did resolve to fight for you? Had you  
 First taken, and then match't *Barsene*, yet,  
 To be your *Queene*, thus, had not beene a *Wedding*,  
 But a *Captivity*; And to be forc'd  
 Unto your bed with shackles on, is not  
 To be your *Princessse*, but your *slave*. But first  
 To take her prisoner, And, (For ought I know)  
 To use your power of Conquest on her, And  
 To make her first unworthy of your *Nuptials*,  
 And then despise her, for one more entire,  
 More free, and more untoucht, (For your new *Loves*  
 Made to *Hippolyta*, and her sister *Prince*,  
 Have not beene so disguis'd, like you the *Lover*,  
 As to escape my knowledge) is such a wrong.  
 (Besides my other Interest of having  
 My *Queene* kept from me) as I stand here to punish;  
 Or else to adde my fall unto my sufferings.

*Enrym*: Have you, Sir, finisht your Oration? *Arch*: This  
 Onely remains. To save th'expende of blood,  
 Which may be shed on both sides, since the *Quarrell*  
 Is purely ours, Let's not engage our *Armies*  
 But here conclude the warre, The injur'd with  
 The *Injurer*, in one faire, single *Combate*.

*Theag*: Sir, we've a Cause going too; And have two *Ladies*  
 Who well might thinke us two Indifferent *Cowards*,  
 And very cold in their *Revenge*, should we  
 Stand peaceable *Spectatours*, whilst you fight.

*Mel*: We do beseech you, Sir, Let us joine our  
 Poore Interest with yours; And since the number,  
 And quality of the *Combatants* is equall,  
 T'expresse the like sence of our wrongs, let it  
 Be Three to Three. *Cly*: We do accept the challenge;  
 And will maintaine, your *Ladies* are our *Prisoners*,

More Nobly then they were at first your *Wives*;  
 And that we tooke them faire more honourably  
 Then you first married 'em. *Eurytus* Pray stay a little.  
 To shew *Archidamus*, (For I will not,  
 Although I justly might, call you false *Prince*,  
 Being guilty of those Accusations, which  
 You sticke on me) that we bring equall causes,  
 As well as equall Valours, to defend them,  
 Since you observ'd a *Method* in your *Wrongs*,  
 And those suspicions onely, and imaginary,  
 I'll use one in my *Answers*? 'Tis confess  
 I did use Art to gaine, by plot what was  
 By plot taken from me, *Roxane*, my best sister.  
 And if in her surprize I did recover  
 But what you first stole, and redeem'd my Loss  
 With some inforcement, this deserves the name  
 Of a *Retrieve* not of a *Pyracy*.  
 Next that I tooke your *Sister* with my owne,  
 'Twas part of my *Affection* to her; *Love*  
 Prompted me to the Action; which doth not  
 Cease to be *Love*, because it once put on  
 The shape of *Force*. And that force but made use of,  
 To let her know that he who tooke her was  
 The greater prisoner, and was first surpriz'd.  
 How I have us'd her since, the Gods, and she,  
 Her owne *Historian*, when you see her next  
 Will witnesse for me. Lastly, Itresul'd  
 By you, (I will not say by her, for her  
 Content takes shame from yours) I've beene a Suitor,  
 Where I've beene freely heard, and entertained,  
 Ask't and prevail'd, For you to claime a Sovereignty,  
 Over the Affections of *Hippolyta*.  
 Or her faire *Sister*, or call me *Theefe*, or treacherous,  
 Because I've added nights to my disguises,  
 That my Accesses to them might be more  
 Secure, More undisturb'd, is such a Wrong  
 To me and them; That in their Absence, I  
 Stand here to make good with my sword, my *Realities*,

Have

Have beene more noble then your open *Visits*.

And that I am more Constant to *Barsene*

In the new purchase of their *Loves*, Then you

Are to *Roxane* in refusing them.

Now, Sir, I am prepar'd to meet your strokes. (ceive,

*Clyt*: Your Challenge holds too? *Thag*: Yes; you shall per-

You fight not now with *Women*. *Hipp*: We see y're *Men*,

And you shall finde us such. *Mel*: 'Tis nobly promis'd.

SCÆNA. VII.

*As they prepare to fight enter to them, Their faces undis-*  
*colour'd, and to be knowne, Roxane, who takes hold*  
*of Archidamus, Barsene of Eurymedon.*

*Rox*: Hold as y're *Princes*; And respect the Cries,

Of your owne *Ladies*, who in your wounds bleed.

And, if you fall must here expire with you;

Since neither of you can fall singly, and

We not be slaine too. *Bar*: Great *Archidamus*,—

My royall Lord *Eurymedon*,— (For now

I dare professe you) what meane you to contract,

And thus remove the *Warre* into a *Duell*?

O sheath your swords; See your *Barsene* begs.

*Rox*: Once more heare your *Roxane*, Sir; And here

Cast downe your weapon. Or if we be the cause

Of this your strife, be reconcil'd by turning

Your swords on us. See here two *Sacrifices*

Ready to buy your peace with their owne slaughters.

*Arch*: How's this? *Roxane* and *Barsene*? Sure

My eyes are not themselves; Or else my Joyes

Make me take *Visions* for *Realities*.

*Thag*: Beleeve us, Sir, These are no 'empty *shades*

Which will appeare and vanish. *Mel*: These have bodies,

Compos'd of *Flesh* and *Bloud*. *Eur*: Now, Sir, you see,

If you'll proceed ith' *Combate*, I want not

A noble cause to fight for. If you'll now

Call my surprize of these a *pyracy*,

Or

Or my stolne visits since made to their Tents  
 A Treason, in which these went *Conspirators*,  
 I hope you'll think't a *Treason*, in which I  
 Had onely this one honourable aime,  
 To render my selfe worthy to be owned  
 by this faire *Prinseesse*; and to betray you to  
 A league and freindship with me by th'Exchange  
 Of *Queenes and Sisters*. *Arch*: Is this true? *Rox*: Our plot  
 Was in these borrowed shapes onely to try  
 How you would beare our Losse; Or whether we  
 Might tempt you from your *Constancy*. Which, Sir,  
 Hath beene so firme, so settled, so unshaken,  
 So much beyond her Merits who made tryall,  
 That I'me now twice yours; And the second time *{Takes her in*  
 Once call my self into your *armes*. *Arch*: You're here, *{his Armes.*  
 Once more my bright *starre* fixt in your owne *sphere*.

*Bar*: Then, for you, Great *Eurymedon*, To leave  
 Your *Kingdome* for the sight, and spectacle  
 Of one, whose *Beauty* can at most aspire  
 But to be seene, and pardon'd; After that,  
 To turne that which at first shew'd boisterous force,  
 Into a generous *Courtship*; And to change  
 That which I first tooke for a rude surprize,  
 Into the noblest way of *Love*; And there  
 To be a *Suppliant*, and to spend sighes,  
 Prayers, and Petitions, where you might command  
 Affection as your *Conquest*, Adds so pure,  
 So cleare, so bright a Luster to your *flame*,  
 And calls forth such a just, and vertuous heart  
 From me, to meet with yours, that from the time  
 You did release, I became your *Captive*;  
 And you gain'd this by setting of me free,  
 Onely to change one *Thraldome* for another;  
 And from that time to make me weare your Fetters,  
 And to be wholly *yours*. *Eur*: If these be *Fetters*,  
 I shall for ever wish to be your prison; *{Takes her in*  
 And thus to hold you chain'd. I hope, Sir, you *{his Armes.*  
 Will not unlinke us now. *Arch*: Such a Separation

Were

Were such a fine, as would be punisht with  
The Anger of the Gods; And would deserve  
To have another added to it; And I  
Be once more in the number of the Divorc'd.  
To make the knot more firme, here, Sir, In signe  
Y'have had two conquests of me, I lay downe  
My selfe, and Weapon at your feet. *Enr.* And I must be  
First Conquer'd by your Sister, next, your selfe;  
Make this confession of it. *Theag.* My Lords *{ They lay downe*  
You see the Warres are ended; If please you *{ their Swords*  
Let us put up our swords. *Clyt.* We'll shew the way, Sir.  
*Arch.* Next since there's nothing wanting to Combine us,  
In one strickt Union, but the Priest, and Temple,  
Please you, we will to th' Altar, and there first,  
Conclude a lasting peace, And then our Nuptials. *Exeunt.*  
*Eury.* Lead on; I follow you. *Theag.* I mar'le, my Lord,  
Our Amazons appeare not, with their Brace  
Of Possessors. *Mel.* They are but shifting faces; *{ Enter O-*  
That they may laugh at us in their owne shapes. *{ rich. Thal.*  
See where they come. *Thea.* How's this! How's this! I le pawn  
My life another Comedy; Let's stand,  
And over-heare 'em. *Mel.* Looke how they shew in Helmes;

SCENA. VIII.

*Enter Callias, Neander, Artops. Leading Orichya, Thala-*  
*stris, Menalippe and Marthesia; with Helmes*  
*on, plumed as taken prisoners by them.*

*Call.* Come, come along. Nay you shall know, most Rouse,  
Most sterne Bellona's, what 'tis to be Traitors  
Against a State, Was this your errand? This  
Your faire pretence of having Children by us,  
To betray those that should beget em? Now  
We know how you or'ecome the Scythians;  
You did invite them to your Tents, And there  
Conquer'd the Men by night, by day their Country;  
*Neand.* What could you see in us to thinke us of



A feeble Fabricke, or not so well built,  
 Nor of such tough Chint as the *Thracians*, that  
 You should so itch to sell us to 'em, for  
 Nights Lodgings, And the transitory pleasure  
 Of keeping of you waking? *Orish*: To the wrong  
 You offer to our *Innocence*, and *Honours*,  
 Y'are scurrilous and that is one wrong more  
 Offer'd to our chaste eares. Your 'mouthes need washing;  
 Or rather gelding. We project to betray you?

*Art*: Why, I beseech you, Lady *Telamon*,

If I should aske you, And this Lady *Ajax*,

Together with your two *Sarpedons* here,

Was't not contriv'd you in our absence should

Seize on our *Magazine*? Then crested thus

In your bright *Helmets*, (To which nothing lackes

But a sheild with a *Gorgons* Head, to turne

Us into a *stone*, and Conquer us with ill *lookes*.)

That you should fallly forth upon us; And

Then joine, almost had said couple, with

The *Enemy*? You will deny this? *Tbal*: Yes;

And having had experience of your *Valours*,

Dare here maintaine the contrary with our swords,

Two *Women*'gainst three *Men*, without our *seconds*.

We seize upon your *Magazine*? *Call*: to you'l

Deny you did receive us at your *Tabernacle*,

Your *amorous pavilion*; And that these two

Sweet *Cymball-beaters*, otherwise call'd *Drummers*,

Did strike a false *Alarme*? *Neands* Or that you hir'd

Three Meager-halfe-pin'd-Rascals, having first

Depriv'd us of our eyes, To lead us thrice

Round 'bout the *Workes*, to lengthen out our progresse

Towards the *Enemies Campe*; And there to be

Arraign'd before a *Councell*, which consisted

Of two the *Colonels*, two the *Clerks* of

Your *Commiss*, and *Suckers*; two young *Lords*, who no doubt

Enjoyed all that we came for. *Orish*: 'Tis confest, Sir.

Had you enjoyed us, our *Children* onely had

Beene valiant by the *Mothers side*. *Art*: We'll have

Our

Our *Council* too; where we expect you shall  
 Confesse your *Treason* too, Against the *King*.  
 March on before there. *Theag*: Pray stay Gentlemen;  
 Where do you lead these *Ladies*, thus three deepe  
 In *File*, without a *Drumme*? You are not going  
 To teach 'em *postures*, are you? Or make a *Muste*  
 Of *four* commanded by *three*? *Mel*: If you meane  
 To lead 'em 'gainst the *Enemy*, to show  
 Your *Fortitudes* before 'em, once more; surely  
 The *Warres* are ended. *Call*: Sir, we are leading 'em  
 To th' *King*; we have discover'd a foule *Treason*. (*plotters*)  
*Theag*: How? *Neand*: Yes, Sir, such a *Treason*, and these the  
 As does shew *Women* make but th' other *Twinne*  
 With *Misceife*; And that *Falschood*, when it would  
 Betray men, still assumes their *shape*. *Arts*: These Sir,  
 Who can lodge *Serpents* 'mongst their *Roses*, and  
 Smile o're their *Treacheries*. But that we did  
 Timely prevent 'em, would have put the Campe  
 Into a *Mutiny*. We did take these  
 Two *Lady-Rhetoricks* mounting heapes of *Turfe*,  
 Provided to make speeches to the *Souldiers*;  
 T' inflame them to *Rebellion*. *Mel*: 'Tis not possible.

*Neand*: Yes, Sir, And these two *Yeomen* of the *Gally* pots,  
 Were employ'd, as we heare, to offer the  
 Free use both of *Themselves*, and *Ladies*, to  
 All those who with them would forsake our side, (longer.  
 And turne to th' *Thracians*. *Orith*: Wee will endure't no  
 These iron *Veyles* cast off, thus we confute you. *They take off*

*Call*: How's this? *Orithya* and *Thalassius* with *their helmets*  
 Their *Women* (*Menalippe* and *Marthasia*) (*wormes*.)

*Arts*: *Amazon-fighters* turn'd to our owne Court peace-  
 And my two *Troilus's* transfor'd to *Knights*?

*Theag*: They are our *Wives*. Was ever such a plot  
 Laid by two *Women* to keepe their *Husbands* honest?

*Mel*: They've turn'd what I thought *Fornication*  
 Into the acts of *Wedlocke*. How I love  
 Such projects, where men are betray'd unto  
 Their lawfull pleasure, and tempted to commit

*Adultery with Innocence, and no sinne follow?*

*Thal:* Pray view us well; And now our paintings off;  
(As you once pleasantly did stile us) pray,  
*Officious Gentlemen;* what other plot  
Can you discern in us, but to laugh at you?

*Neand:* This comes of *policy*; Our *wisdomes* have  
Made us three sage, discreet, deepe; most rare *Coxcombes*.

*Men:* Ha, ha, ha; Sure they did expect the King  
Should Knight 'em for their rare Discovery. *Mar:* Or  
Preferre 'em to the *Councell Board*, and make 'em  
*Spies Generall* of the State. *Orish:* Troth, *Gentlemen*,  
If you intend to scape *Playes*, and at your  
Returne home to *Chalcedon*, not to see

Your Deeds brought on the Stage, take our advice;  
Travell 'till this be over. *Thal:* And be sure,  
You keepe yourselves from *Duels*; Least your Country  
Do suffer in your *Valours*. *Theag:* You see there is  
No meddling with these *Women*; I'll undertake,  
They can change shapes, as often as shift Linnen.  
The *Booke of Transformations*, which reports  
Of *Women* turn'd to *Baytrees*, and of *Men*  
Turn'd into *Women*, hath not more various formes,  
Then these can practice. *Mel:* Alas 'tis not your case  
To be deceived. They did deceive us too.

*Orish:* We have two constant *Lords* of you. So't had been  
Had we been *Amazons* in earnest. *Theag:* you are  
The Two first *Ladies* that ere made their *Husbands*  
Euckold themselves with their owne *Wives*. *Thal:* By this  
Good light 'twould be but justice now to put  
A *Courtstricke* on you. *Mel:* Alas *Thalassius*; I  
Discern'd you by your *breasts*. *Th:* Be sure you lay { *Enter Arch:*  
With your own *Wife*. *Mel:* Look, *Gentlemen*, { *Eurym. Or.*  
D'you know these *Shap*s? Here comes the second part.  
*Orish Metamorphosis.*

*The Amorous Warre.*

83

SCENA IX.

*Enter two Priests carrying two hallowed Torches,*

*Followed by Archidamus leading Roxane,*

*and Eurymedon leading Barsene wait-*

*ed on by Clytus and Hippocles.*

*Arch: — Thus having made*  
Our Realmes one people, by the League and Knowledge  
We've tyed before the Gods, you two proceed  
In the last Rites of this our Union;  
And sing the Nuptiall Song.

*The second Song, sung by two Priests,*  
holding two marriage Tapers.

(1)

*Behold these hallowed Tapers; And here see,*  
*what Wells, and Springs of fire they be.*

*How their two Lustres twining*

*Make mutuall shining.*

*Whilst one from th' other kindled, doth requite*

*It's borrowed, with as great a Light for Light,*

*And kindles backe againe.*

*And thus combining Rayes with Rayes,*

*And joining flames, like Marriage Dayes,*

*A holy Nuptiall twixt them do maintaine.*

(2)

*Yet these but the darke signes; and emblems be*

*Of those conceal'd fires, which none see*

*But Gods, and such whose eyes*

*Love Glorifies,*

*Betweene these breasts a sacred flame doth spring,*

*Which intermingling Rites, whilst we do sing,*

*Is to it selfe the Priest.*

*Whilst Hearts with Hearts, thus intermov'd,*

L 3

*And*

And paires made one, The Lov'd with Loved,  
Themselves between themselves in Hymens twist,

{The Song is seconded  
With a shout within.

Harke, harke, what is Enter  
The meaning of this shout and Acclamation? {Lyne: Polyds

Lyne: Sir, the two Armies hearing that their Princes  
Have stricke a Peace, have first exchanged their Armes,  
And next, in Imitation of your Nuptials,  
Which with this shout they celebrate, have cast  
Themselves into new postures of Embraces.

Polyds: Did you behold 'em, you'd beleeeve there past  
A mutuall wedding betweene Troops and Troops,  
And Regiment and Regiment. They want  
Onely one of your Priests here to performe  
The holy Ceremony betweene 'em, To  
Make it a perfect Day of Hymnalls.

Arch: And so't shall be. Nought now remains, but that  
We do adde Triumph to our Joyes, and mingle,  
Our Feasts, and Dancess with our Sacrifices,  
In thankfulness to th' Gods. Then Princes doe  
Match truly, when their Kingdoms marry too,

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FINIS.

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